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ART AND THE STATE
By G. B. S. and others

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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AND THE PAUPERS ANSWERED . . .

AT long last the Government, or part of it, has realised that it must more adequately explain to the public what it is doing and enlist its co-operation. Sir Stafford Cripps, in a key position, has begun a welcome publicity campaign. Unfortunately he appears to have been advised by people who do not understand the mental climate of England, and who have begun by making just the mistake which the Ministry of Information perpetrated at the beginning of the war and learnt by experience successfully to overcome. A Socialist Government which has to explain to the mass of workers that the salvation of Britain and the success of Socialism in this country depends on united effort must give them hope of success in overcoming difficulties and give each man and woman the feeling that their individual efforts are important in realising the Socialist idea.

To a people, jaded perhaps, bothered perhaps, but certainly not defeated and, above all, looking for dynamic leadership, the slogan of the workhouse—"We Work—or Want" is unimaginably inept. Of course, it is true, as Sir Stafford Cripps said in announcing the new publicity campaign, that we are up against a lot of hard and very unpleasant economic facts. Unless, by an all-round and all-out effort we can produce more and soon, we shall have to go without a lot even of those things which we have to-day. There is no room for complacency. But (as he also said) there is nothing wrong that we cannot put right and, if we make the effort, put right fairly quickly. Yet, in the principal Government poster, full employment is converted into the idiom of unemployment—"work or starve." There is no goal except bare survival, no uplift, no encouragement, no prosperity as an alternative to want, no promise—just the threat. To those at the galley oars just the whip-lash of necessity.

This depressing slogan is proclaimed by a modernised version of Mr. Arbuthnot's Seventeenth Century John Bull, his physique improved by a Strachey diet, with a "Make and Mend" waistcoat cut down from a V.E.-Day Union Jack, shod in Cripps' utility gumboots, and wearing a pair of Arthur Askey's "combs." What strange conception of democratic planning has inspired a Socialist Government to adopt this symbol of Britain's once purse-proud Imperialism? Presumably the argument was that he must not be a workman, because stock-brokers or even "spivs" must work or want. On the other hand, he has shed his top hat and his tail coat as a concession to a Labour Government in power. The result is a poster as old-fashioned as a cartoon by Sir Bernard Partridge, empty of significant visual content.

The objects of this campaign are admirable. It is a sign of grace in a Government which has so far been far too reticent, and has rejected the artifices of publicity because publicising a Socialist programme and Socialist planning would have been open to criticism as Party propaganda. If there has been complacency, it has been in the Government, which has expected the common sense of the last election to last without stimulation—and often without the facts. They have been living for two years on the capital of good will. Now they have realised the need for the psychological as well as the economic approach to our problems. They have to give flesh and blood and emotional content to the plans.

That is what this campaign purports to do. It seeks to put the case to the people and win their individual support and enthusiasm. There is a series of posters. The others are not as inept as the Master-poster. On the contrary, they explain why we are up against it in terms of the coal shortage, of our import and export position, of misplaced labour, and of our shortage of manpower. If these themes could further be broken down into sectional targets, and could give the individual an indication of what is expected of him personally, then we would be getting somewhere. But the Master-poster is disturbing because it shows so little understanding of the mood of the people and can, as a negative generalisation, only breed frustration. Fancy telling a housewife she must work harder or want! How does the girl in the tobacco kiosk work harder to avert want? What is the answer to those who retort that their output depends largely on the tempo of the machine or the supply of raw materials or the ability of management? Millions cannot avert want in terms of the work they are at present doing. To get from them a more productive or efficient effort it is essential to show them their place in a pattern of common effort—but it must be a pattern and not merely an injunction. There must be organisation as well as exhortation.

At the beginning of the war the Ministry of Information produced an outrageous poster: "*Your* courage, *your* resolution, *your* endurance will bring *us* victory." The present posters at least avoid that: it is, at least "We" who are up against it, and must work or want. But to the ordinary person it is still "they" who are telling "us." And neither their publicity nor their plans will be successful until they rediscover a communion of feeling as well as of interests with the people upon whose understanding efforts and not-so-far-off votes their programme of recovery and of Socialist prosperity depends. That means keeping the people of this country systematically informed about the difficulties and the measures taken to meet those difficulties—never shirking blame, but also never shirking putting the blame where it belongs. The facts may be unpleasant, but it is better to know them well in advance instead of exasperating people by confronting them with a crisis once it has happened and meeting it with what looks like hasty improvisation. Which is another way of repeating that slogans are no substitute for a programme with which the individual can identify himself. That is no doubt the intention of the campaign: "We are up against it." In that case, give the facts, tell the people about the position this year and about the position when the loan has dried up. "We must work." In that case, tell the individual how he can most *efficiently* contribute, and give him a positive purpose and not a negative one. Give him hope and not fear. He knows it is a long steep hill, but he does not want to feel that "Over the Hill" means a workhouse without even a Christmas pudding.

A New Crisis in France?

Will the Ramadier Government be able to survive the next few weeks? If it disintegrates in the new crisis now rapidly developing in France, General de Gaulle will be provided with fresh ammunition for his campaign against the Constitution and the uneasy coalition of parties which have sought to operate it. This crisis, like that which was produced last month by the refusal of the Communist Party to vote war credits for Indo-China, has arisen on colonial policy. The suppression of the revolt in Madagascar has been accompanied by the arrest of that island's Deputies to the Assembly. Though the Communists have not openly endorsed the rebellion in the same way as they have supported the Viet Nam, they are insisting that these Deputies are entitled to Parliamentary immunity. This insistence is due less to their concern about Madagascar than to their fear that, at a critical moment, their own Deputies might be denied immunity as they were once before, in 1939. This, in fact, may be a point upon which they will not be prepared to compromise, although they are extremely anxious to maintain their position in the Government in face of the challenge of de Gaulle and of the persistent attempts to drive them into lonely opposition. Both Right and Left now believe that the struggle for power has begun in earnest and realise that the collapse of the Ramadier Government may mean the end of any hopes of a further coalition. De Gaulle, who now possesses the funds and the organisation he lacked at the time of the last crisis, will undoubtedly seek to rally everyone in France who fears Communism and the Soviet Union in order to drive the Communists into a corner. In this task he can certainly rely on encouragement from Washington. At the moment, the majority of his movement is opposed to a putsch, believing that the General will be "called" by the Assembly to settle a major crisis. Therefore, it is argued, everything must be done to produce one. A minority, which believes that violence will be needed to win, is already making preparations to this end. The M.R.P., which is by no means entirely favourable to de Gaulle's ambitions, may nevertheless not scruple to use his extra-parliamentary pressure in the next few weeks to push the Communists out of the Cabinet. Whether these intrigues succeed or not depends largely on the Socialists. They should understand that, if they compromise with the Right against the Communists, it certainly will be their turn next.

Pakistan

The joint declaration by Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Jinnah calling on their communities to refrain from violence, or incitement to violence, should not be mistaken for a step forward in the relations of Congress and the Muslim League. Both the signatories have separately, for some time past, been urging their followers to maintain order, though doubtless with small hope that their advice would be followed. The latest declaration, made at the initiative of the Viceroy, merely repeats and emphasises the urgency of the appeal. So far, Lord Mountbatten has not been more successful than any of his predecessors in reconciling Congress and the Muslim League. What he has achieved, as reports from India indicate, is to make them more sharply aware of the realities of the immediate future. Hence the recognition by Congress that some form of Pakistan will have to be offered to the Muslim League by June, 1948. Pandit Nehru has already come out with the blunt statement that the Muslim League can have their Pakistan, provided that they do not take more than they are strictly entitled to on a population basis. This means the partition of the Punjab and Bengal, with the loss of Calcutta to the Muslims. It is a reasonably fair offer, because nothing more than the Muslim majority areas can be claimed democratically. Now it is Mr. Jinnah's turn to give his reaction to the proposal. At first this is certain to be most unfavourable and he will claim bitterly that Pakistan must be a "viable" state even if several million Hindus have to be included in it against their will. But if it becomes clear that the British Government will give no support to an expanded Pakistan the fact that the Muslim League has been offered a choice—a truncated Pakistan or All-India co-operation—will make it easier for Mr. Jinnah, as time goes by, to accept the kind of arrangement originally envisaged by the Cabinet Mission plan.

Fruits of Repression

After the failure of martial law as a method of repressing terrorism, execution is now being tried in Palestine. Together with Dov Gruner, two men were hanged last week whose only crime was the carrying of whips with the presumed intention of retaliation on British soldiers. On the same day, the previous right of appeal against the verdict of the military courts was abrogated, though the High Commissioner still retains the prerogative of mercy. The inevitable results have been a new wave of terrorism and an increased reluctance on the part of the Haganah to assist the military authorities whose power is now arbitrary and unrestricted. Meanwhile the special assembly of the United Nations meets next week. The hope that it will limit itself to appointing a fact-finding commission has dwindled, since the Arabs have stated that they will initiate a general debate. This, it should be noted, will take place in the absence of Jewish representatives. If the Arabs have their way, this debate will drag on until it is too late for the fact-finding commission to report to the September meeting of the Assembly.

British Zone Elections

The elections for the three *Landtage* in the British Zone last Sunday produced no important surprises. Though the Social-Democrats have emerged as the largest party in the Zone, their total poll was only 37 per cent. of the total—a bare 5 per cent. more than that of the Christian Democratic Union. They have an outright majority in Schleswig-Holstein, where the special electoral law has denied any seats to splinter parties other than the Danish minority group. In Lower Saxony they won 66 seats, but are outnumbered there by a potential coalition of the C.D.U. (31), the Lower Saxony Party (25), the Free Democratic Party (13), and the Centre Party (6). If, in North-Rhine Westphalia, the C.D.U. seeks to form a coalition with the Free Democratic Party, with a joint total of 103 seats, it will be faced with an opposition of greater strength formed by the Social-Democrats (64), the Centre Party (20), and the Communists (28). These figures suggest that the composition of each *Landtag* will be a pretty fair reflection of political strength in each *Land*. It was to be expected that the Communist poll would rise considerably after the recent agitation in the industrial districts against the breakdown of food supplies. But the significant feature of the elections is the overall victory of the Right-wing parties over the disunited Left, which polled only 44 per cent. of the total vote. This victory will undoubtedly have repercussions on the political balance within the bi-Zonal agencies which, in the absence of any agreement between the Four Powers on a central German Government, may prove as important instruments of administration as the *Landtage*, the extent of whose authority has yet to be clearly defined. Part of the apathy revealed during the election campaign, and in the comparatively light poll, is undoubtedly due to the feeling of unreality about these contests at a moment when the stalemate at Moscow suggests that there is no plan at all for the long-term political rehabilitation of Germany. But the apathy is equally due to popular preoccupation with the food crisis and to the belief that, whichever party won last Sunday, none of them could do anything material to lift the shadow of starvation.

Food or Films?

If the dollar savings which are expected to result from the increased tax on smoking have to be augmented by other reductions in our purchases in the U.S.A.—and, unless dollar expenditure involved in the maintenance of British forces abroad is curtailed, there is no escape from this necessity—then every effort, we hope, will be made by the Government to avoid cutting down imports of American food. Our current food purchases from the U.S.A. include little that can be described by any stretch of the imagination as luxury products; and any further deterioration either in the quantity or the variety of Britain's diet should be contemplated only in the last desperate resort. In what other direction can economies be effected? Unfortunately, we are precluded by the terms of our Loan agreement from switching our purchases of oil to the Middle East (where payment could be effected in sterling) and thus saving some part of the 120 million dollars which we now pay annually to American oil companies. There is, however, the sizeable expenditure of 70 million dollars a year which we are now paying for American films, more than half of which consist of second-grade features foisted on British exhibitors by a species of trade blackmail, and whose only purpose is to make up needlessly long "double feature" programmes in British cinemas. The film-going public would have no cause to complain, nor would the quality of its entertainment suffer, if imports of all foreign films (since we cannot discriminate against American) were restricted to, say, forty per cent. of the 1938 intake. A formula providing for the reasonable overtaking of war-time arrears of imports could easily be devised in order to prevent an excessive reduction in the already small imports of French and other films from the non-dollar area. The danger, of course, arises that if the American film industry found its market in this country restricted, it might take retaliatory action against the exhibition in the U.S.A. of British films. Running this risk, however, is preferable to saving dollars at the expense of our sufficiently meagre standard of diet.

American Prices and Production

Prices in the United States, which seemed to be on the verge of collapse at the beginning of the year, have risen a further 7 per cent. since that date. The rise is mostly in agricultural products, for which the whole world is competing in the American free market. At the same time industrial profits have risen to levels higher even than in 1941. This situation is inevitably causing unrest among the workers, and demands for wage increases are being raised on all sides. The telephone strike may be the beginning of a new wave of strikes. On the other hand, the House has sent the strongly anti-Labour Hartley Bill to the Senate by a big majority, and Labour is anxious to avoid giving the Senate any excuse for retaining these drastic curbs or even strengthening them. The C.I.O. steel workers have concluded an amicable wage agreement with their employers; and the influence of this settlement may be considerable. There is, however, no sign that the Administration is capable of any action to reduce prices. Truman has held two Cabinet meetings and wrung his hands, but that has not stopped the trend. As a result, Wall Street and the Administration economists expect a sharp, but not prolonged, slump in the autumn. It is this expectation which makes impossible any real concessions on tariffs by the American delegation at Geneva, for retailers already report consumer resistance to their high-priced goods; and, if further stocks were to be imported, capitalist "over-production" would be aggravated. Britain's refusal to endorse the price clauses of the International Wheat Agreement is based, in turn, on the calculation that a recession in the U.S.A. will be accompanied by a break in farm prices.

PARLIAMENT: Tobacco and Privilege

Wednesday.

SECOND thoughts on the Budget have been remarkably mild. Even Tuesday's debate on the tobacco tax had no real bite in it. Naturally enough, the Tories, despite their demands for a cut in dollar expenditure, opposed the tax in the hope of exploiting popular disgruntlement. Beverley Baxter justified this action by the extraordinary argument that an appeal for voluntary rationing would have been fairer and just as effective. Most Labour Members seemed to have found their constituents less hostile than they expected and much more intelligently aware of the need to save dollars. But Barbara Castle argued persuasively for rationing and received a quite inadequate reply from the Chancellor. Apart from this, Hugh Dalton was in his most persuasive mood and, by agreeing to look into the possibility of special arrangements for Old Age Pensioners, quenched the last flicker of revolt behind him. No other Minister has his extraordinary facility for giving so little and making it appear so much. If A. V. Alexander had shown a fraction of the Chancellor's parliamentary finesse in dealing with conscription, the Government would have been saved most of its embarrassment.

The Cabinet changes announced last week are still a subject of unusually ribald comment. Some Government supporters feel that they should be given an opportunity of meeting Lord Inman so that they can know all the Ministers in the Cabinet by sight, while Leslie Hale enlivened a speech on the tobacco tax with the acid aside, "There is a tendency in extreme Socialist circles for the centre of Government to pass to 'another place'; but honourable Members of this House can still speak to their constituents." It is a pity that the Prime Minister was not there to hear the roar of laughter that greeted this sally.

Wilfred Paling, who has put a little humanity into the Ministry of Pensions, should make a good P.M.G. He is replaced by John Hynd, who had the right views about Germany, but lost his battle with the Foreign Office and so was bound to fail. Lord Pakenham benefits by his defeat. He will work directly under Mr. Bevin. Some Members feel that if a Catholic was essential for this post, Dick Stokes might have done the job and also been available for questions. But the present arrangement at least has the advantage of improving the status of John Freeman, the only junior Service Minister who looks like filling the gap made by John Strachey's promotion.

By and large, the reshuffle has left Government supporters more restive than ever, and surprisingly anxious to welcome back the Lord President from his illness. They are now beginning to realise that Herbert Morrison's canny mixture of humour, wire-pulling and political sense is urgently needed by a Party which is rightly determined to stick together without Standing Orders.

A minor incident late on Tuesday night enabled Mr. Churchill once again to assert his position as a real parliamentarian. The Committee of Privileges has been kept unusually busy this Session. The Piratin incident has been followed by the quite dissimilar cases of W. J. Brown and Garry Allighan. Both are likely to take a good deal of time. In view of this, no doubt, Herbert Morrison asked for his release and so did Fred Montagu. Their proposed replacements were two blameless but fameless back benchers, both new to the House. Mr. Churchill protested that the absence of both the Prime Minister and the Leader of the House would lower the dignity of the Committee, and he was well supported by Harold Macmillan. There was no reply from the Treasury Bench, and the few Labour Members present gave the Government its majority in the Division lobby with obvious embarrassment.

PHINEAS

P.S.—In discussing the Conscription Bill a fortnight ago I referred to Col. Price Jones. The Member for Caernarvon Boroughs, is, of course, Col. Pryce White.

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POLITICAL SITZKRIEG

THE breakdown of the Moscow Conference was inevitable after the President's message to Congress on Greece and Turkey. The Russians have consistently shown themselves obstructive and suspicious in dealing with their Allies; and this attitude has by itself been sufficient to imperil the success of every Conference both during and after the war, even when the other partners tried to be co-operative. By adding a new American intransigeance to this habitual Russian obstinacy, Mr. Truman made a deadlock absolutely certain. Indeed, Mr. Marshall candidly informed the American press before he left Washington that he had no expectation of reaching any agreement. As his behaviour indicated, his objective was to show that an American Secretary of State could be as obstructive as a Communist Commissar. If the Russians hoped to get their way by holding out on the Western Powers, he would give them a taste of their own medicine. If they sought safety in a Communist *bloc*, he would confront them with an anti-Communist alliance; if they used the apparatus of the Communist Party to undermine potentially hostile States and to establish puppet Governments, he would reciprocate with American dollars which, in a starving world, might prove even more potent. Anyone who expected a diplomatic slogging match in Moscow must have been disappointed. The two heavyweights went into a clinch in the first round—and there was no referee to part them. The result was a well-deserved draw.

Naturally, no subject was discussed with any reference to its merits. The fact that a divided Germany would mean not only misery for Germans but poverty for the whole of Europe was completely disregarded. The pitiable condition of Austria was of little concern to an American or to a Russian, each preoccupied to ensure that Europe should not recover for the benefit of the other. In the struggle for power which develops when the rulers of great States lose all mutual confidence, human happiness is squeezed out along with justice and freedom. The Russians are well trained in subordinating humanitarian considerations to the requirements of Marxian strategy. Their preference for Big Power arrangements is a logical consequence of their philosophy. The Western Democracies have always preened themselves on their superiority to the Communists in this regard. They have claimed to defend the interests of the common people against a total demand of the State. But at Moscow Mr. Marshall played according to Russian rules. In order to frustrate Communist aggression he adopted, with suitable variants, the Russian techniques of political warfare; he accepted the Russian view that reasonableness is a sign of weakness and that any real willingness to reach agreement must be condemned as a tendency towards appeasement.

Mr. Marshall would no doubt argue that the only way to "larn the Russians" is to behave to them even more toughly than they behave to us. One cannot be squeamish, he would say, in dealing with a Communist who only understands the language of power and the courtesies of conspiracy. By deliberately standing pat at the Moscow Conference he hoped to instil into Mr. Molotov a respect for America which may result in a Russian surrender when the next big fight is staged. That this means disaster for Europe is, of course, regrettable. But Mr. Marshall feels that Europe should bear its sufferings in the knowledge that they are an unavoidable step in the process of re-educating the Kremlin and bringing it to an understanding of the facts of the American Century.

Mr. Bevin seems to have readily accepted this American argument. He has loyally played his part as the junior partner in the display of Western intransigeance. Convinced, no doubt, that he was putting principles before materialistic motives of self-interest, he seems to have made no effort to avert the subordination of European recovery to American-Russian antagonism. When he returns he will no doubt decry as starry-eyed appeasers or as crypto-Communists any who criticise him. And he will receive his ovation from the countless realists of the Western World.

But these realists are the dreamers and illusionists to-day. Even on the assumption that American Capitalism should organise an anti-Comintern *bloc*, the Truman policy would only make sense if America were prepared to accept the full consequences of the policy. These consequences include the financing by America of every country outside the U.S.S.R. whose recovery is paralysed by the political warfare of the two world *blocs;* and the acceptance in addition of the burden of a gigantic armaments race. If the world is to be divided into two armed camps, America must arm, feed and re-equip the anti-Communist camp. There is still no sign that either the American politicians or the American people are willing to accept these stupendous responsibilities. Indeed, now that they are beginning to appreciate them, the dislike of President Truman's policy is steadily growing. Washington, always more concerned with domestic than foreign policy, is full of rumours about a break in prices and a threat of a recession. The Russian armed camp has at least that ruthless economic basis which is required for a long political siege. The Americans are completely unequipped for such a siege, either at home or abroad. It is suicidal, therefore, for Britain to rely on America to see her through a long period of diplomatic *Sitzkrieg*.

For this reason the negotiations in Moscow for the revision of the Anglo-Russian treaty have a significance far greater than that of the discussions about Germany and Austria. So long as the Russians and Americans believe in intransigeance, there is no hope of solving the German or any other problem. But Anglo-Russian relations still leave considerable room for manœuvre. Here the important thing is not the form of the treaty but its substance. It would probably be impossible to draft a satisfactory clause incorporating the idea, so eagerly canvassed by Mr. Molotov, that Britain shall not join any hostile *bloc*. To accept such a clause would be tantamount to joining the Russian *bloc* and might destroy our independence as effectively as a military *entente* with America. Indeed, the Russian demand is probably designed mainly to embarrass Mr. Bevin by forcing into the foreground the facts of Anglo-American military co-operation.

The proper reply to Mr. Molotov would be a clear indication by Mr. Bevin that he rejects both the Russian concept of collective security against Capitalism and the American concept of collective security against Communism. The formal repudiation of staff talks with either America or Russia would be a first step in this direction.

Such a policy will no doubt be condemned by Mr. Bevin as a betrayal of America and appeasement of the Russians. But what are the facts? The American people, responding to a well-organised propaganda campaign, is now possessed by an anti-Communist hysteria far stronger than any disapproval of Germany which it displayed during the war. It is not a serious argument against this policy therefore to state that it will not be acceptable to the American people. Indeed to-day no sane policy could possibly be that. Our duty is not to pander to an American mood but to face the American people with the fact that America cannot fight either a political or an atomic war against Russia for very long without British assistance, and that Britain is not prepared for any such exclusive alliance. All the more after the President's message to Congress and Mr. Marshall's behaviour in Moscow, Britain must hold herself free to deter aggression by either America or Russia and to maintain the structure of Uno, despite the violation of its spirit from both sides, until, tired of ideology, they are prepared to talk sense to each other.

As for the "appeasement" of the Russians,

against which Mr. Churchill is always warning us, there is just one thing to be said. Mr. Churchill was quite right in attacking Mr. Chamberlain for appeasing Hitler. Germany at that time was the strongest military power in the world, and Mr. Chamberlain permitted Hitler to get his way by threats of war. Russia to-day is in no shape to threaten us, far less to make war upon us. There is only one Power in the world able to do that, and that Power is America. If there is to be talk of appeasement, then it should be applied to the one country which has the economic stranglehold and military power sufficient to cajole us into sacrificing our national interest and political principle for the sake of an easy life. It is the policy advocated by Mr. Churchill and prosecuted by Mr. Bevin which is designed to placate the only great Power capable of making things really unpleasant for us if we do not toe the line.

DE GAULLE

(From a Special Correspondent in Paris.)

THE decision of Gen. de Gaulle to emerge from his retirement, not merely as a candid critic and adviser but as the head of a political movement, overshadows, for all Frenchmen, all other events in France or elsewhere. This statement may seem obvious to some and exaggerated to others. It needs to be made because it provides part of the answer to those who ask how great a political figure Gen. de Gaulle is to-day, or who imply that his prestige has been diminished in the same proportion as his popularity. Until a test proves the contrary, his opponents will fear, as his supporters will expect, that he will achieve the aims he has set himself. He has defined the aims as clearly as circumstances and a kind of prudery in his political language allow. The aims are not those commonly attributed to him by the rank and file either of his following or of his opponents, although there is a great risk that, in spite of himself, he may achieve what the former hope and the latter suspect. It is therefore all the more necessary to examine what these real aims may be.

The clue is to be found in the appeal of June 18th, 1940, and in the events which preceded and followed. As a military historian and as a strategist, Gen. de Gaulle in 1940 was convinced that the Armistice, apart from being an act of treachery, was a political blunder. By separating France from the winning side and by threatening to bring her into the wrong camp, it endangered every aspect of her future and even her very existence as a sovereign and independent nation. Though events may have served his ambitions, it cannot be denied that, if no outstanding statesman was prepared to do what he was prepared to do, his duty as a Frenchman was to act on his convictions and assume a political role. He had to save France from her defeat and the French people from their despair; and after leading them to victory, restore to them the freedom which they had half lost, half thrown away. Subsequent developments showed not merely that he was right in his estimate and in his aims, but that the vast majority of Frenchmen came to recognise this. For those accustomed to his form of oratory, all this is clearly and precisely explained early in Gen. de Gaulle's Strasbourg speech.

Turn now to 1947. "Our planet," says Gen. de Gaulle, "presents two vast masses both tending to expand and both carried forward by completely different circumstances, and in consequence by contrary ideological currents. Though we may hope that America and Russia will not become enemies, they are automatically rivals. . . . In such a contingency, and situated as we are, the maintenance of our independence becomes for us the capital problem." This situation is essentially the same as the international and strategic situation seen by Gen. de Gaulle in 1939; and it poses precisely the same "capital problem" as faced him in 1940.

The resemblance goes further still. In 1940, one of the belligerents was aided by a fifth column which ultimately paralysed the defence, gained control of the State, and forced France, by an act of treachery, into the wrong camp: wrong in every way, but above all because it was the losing side. In Gen. de Gaulle's reading of the situation, the same danger threatens now. The Strasbourg speech is less explicit on this subject, and proof of what can be learnt in conversation can be found only in stray phrases, placed in different contexts. "We must remain ourselves, that is to say, Occidentals, faithful to an idea of what are men, life, justice, the relations between States, which has made us what we are, on which our influence and our prestige have always depended, and which we must defend and maintain, in this world's tumult, so that we can serve them and they can survive us." That defines the Right camp, and also, in Gen. de Gaulle's conviction, though he does not say so, the winning side. The danger comes from a party within France, whose ambitions, tactics and methods are "of a disturbing and exceptional character," which "from infiltration to infiltration" may overwhelm the Republic under "a certain dictatorship" or, by creating anarchy, may "lose the very independence of France."

That party, obviously enough, is the Communist Party; the word here translated as "infiltration" is *noyautage*, explained in Harrap's dictionary as "the setting up of (Communist) cells." But it is carefully explained by people in touch with Gen. de Gaulle that he attacks the French Communist Party simply as the fifth column of Russia.

Thus the issue for Gen. de Gaulle is not that of supporting within France one political ideology against another, but of preparing the country politically for the external conflict in which she is all but certain one day to be involved. As in Greece, the Free Territory of Trieste, Iran, Indo-China, and now other parts of the French Empire, that conflict is already being fought out underground in France—within the French Government, French representative institutions, the armed forces, the civil service, and such essential organisms as the trade unions.

Many in England, as indeed in France, will find it difficult to believe that the constitutional reforms for which Gen. de Gaulle has so long been campaigning have been thought out almost exclusively in terms of the emergency of infiltration and treachery by a fifth column, war, and invasion, with the consequent necessity of transferring the seat of government abroad. Yet if that premise is accepted, much else in Gen. de Gaulle's political thought and in his career, which has seemed inexplicable, makes sense.

So it is that the Rassemblement du Peuple Français, announced by Gen. de Gaulle at Strasbourg, becomes a new peacetime Resistance movement, in which no doubt will be found and trained the nucleus of a wartime movement. It is significant that the Secretary-General of the movement should be M. Jacques Soustelle, who for several years of the war directed the organisation in London and Algiers which issued instructions to patriots in France. The first phase of the new Resistance is clearly to parry Communist pressure on the Government and the party system by counter-pressure from another side, and so halt the process of *noyautage*. Concurrently there will be an attempt to enrol public opinion, and through it individual deputies of all parties or whole groups, behind a programme of constitutional change, the main lines of which were traced by Gen. de Gaulle at Bayeux.

Gen. de Gaulle insists that he will act "outside differences of opinion" (*i.e.*, outside the parties) but only "within the framework of the law." It may be recalled that in the constitutional debates and the referenda that took place after the liberation, Gen. de Gaulle on several occasions exercised a marked influence on public opinion. Yet at no time did he act as the spokesman or leader of a party; nor can it be said that he ever violated the letter of the law. He hopes to repeat these performances with more complete success because of the more considerable means he will have at his disposal.

It is not even necessary for his purpose that he should return to office. It is just conceivable that the existing regime would reform itself without resort to his political leadership. That, for him, would be the ideal solution, since it would bring, with the achievement of his aims, the vindication of his professions of loyalty to the parliamentary regime, democracy and the Republic, without embroiling him in the party system. But that solution is, to say the least, improbable; and it is not the solution his supporters expect.

It should be said at this point that few French politicians or political commentators have given to Gen. de Gaulle's actions the interpretation here set out. The majority have looked only at the constitutional and economic features of his programme and at his apparent intention of returning to power, and they have taken their stand accordingly. The extreme Right has rallied to the General in embarrassing numbers. The M.R.P., while approving many of his strictures against the regime, defends the rigid party system which he attacks, because that has been the source of their strength and influence in Parliament. Though none say so in public, the majority approve of his attitude towards the Communists. They, naturally enough, have denounced both the General's programme and his attack on themselves. The Socialists, out of solidarity as well as conviction, have taken much the same line, though there are certainly some de Gaullists in the party. M. Blum argues that by means of his Rassemblement Gen. de Gaulle wishes to get himself "plebiscited" into power. Even moderate Right-wing newspapers are alarmed at this possibility of Caesarism. They do not see how, short of a political miracle, Gen. de Gaulle can become Prime Minister without stepping out of, or at least straining, "the framework of the law." And it is clear to them that for Gen. de Gaulle to violate the existing Constitution would be the most certain way to compromise and discredit the aims which he has set himself. (That has been the great lesson which the Vichy experience has taught France.) The danger is all the greater as some of the parties opposed to Gen. de Gaulle could probably overstep the limits of legality without loss of prestige in the eyes of their adherents and might draw the General and his Rassemblement in fatal pursuit. The outcome might then be that civil war which it is Gen. de Gaulle's professed aim to avert.

A LONDON DIARY

MR. CHURCHILL should not have spoken of "one-sided disarmament" as a factor leading to the last war. He knows better. Germany was so effectively disarmed in 1919 that France and Britain, without counting their other allies in Europe, were still overwhelmingly more powerful than Germany until Hitler was allowed to re-fortify the Rhineland in 1936. The Allies did not disarm unilaterally; they did something infinitely more foolish. America and Britain helped Germany to rearm first in the ordinary way of business, because the Reich was the greatest market for arms manufacturers and the raw materials of war; and, later, because the Chamberlain Government believed that Hitler could be trusted to attack Russia and not the West. Mr. Churchill would have done well to warn us against the danger of repeating this final lunacy, which remains the greatest danger to world peace. In a divided world America and Russia may both want Germany's war potential. But with Russia, hungry and devastated and rapidly retiring into isolation, the great danger of war in the world lies in the American urge to use her vast surplus of wealth for rebuilding Germany and Japan, both of which see another war as their best hope of recovery. This economic motive is reinforced by an ideological drive behind which the most potent force is the Catholic International, whose headquarters is now rather the United States than the Vatican.

Mr. Wallace has been acclaimed with as much excitement in Paris as he was in London. But in England, where Social-Democracy is still alive and strong, he was not "nobbled" by crypto-Communists or by any other political group. He consorted mainly with staunch Labour supporters, but he also had much talk with Liberals and Conservatives, addressed an all-party meeting in the House of Commons, was entertained by the Premier, the American Ambassador, and by Cabinet Ministers. In France, because M.R.P. and Socialists both steered clear of him, he seems to have fallen mainly into the Communists' hands. The position in France is, of course, different because Communists are in the Government, but that they should be Mr. Wallace's main sponsors—which was certainly not his desire—is a pity. Wallace is the most American of Americans, whose political enemies want to "smear" him with Communism just because he is trying to persuade America to save herself and the world from economic disaster. For this reason I was somewhat surprised by the article in last week's *Economist* called "The New Statesman." It was the one able and thoughtful attack on Wallace published in this country, and it made the very fair point that he is apt to talk somewhat airily about the United Nations and to make light of the difficulties of reaching agreement with the Soviet Union. But in fact, Mr. Wallace said very little in this country about the Soviet Union, the point of his doctrine being that by a wise and constructive expenditure of American wealth on raising the standard of living in the backward areas of the world, America can make Communism 'irrelevant.' The great strength of his doctrine is that it remains equally true and equally important whether Russia will co-operate or not. I should be surprised if the editor of the *Economist* disagrees with 10 per cent. of what Wallace said in this country. He can check this for himself by reading the forthcoming pamphlet which will contain the verbatim text of Wallace's speeches at Central Hall and Manchester and his Sunday night Postscript. It will be published early in May by Reynolds in conjunction with the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

* * *

The departure of Pethick-Lawrence from the India Office at the age of 76 means that we have lost from active public life one more of the surviving stalwarts of a great generation. They were men and women who came to political consciousness in the social awakening of the late nineteenth century. They threw themselves into public work with an enthusiasm which was the more infectious because it was so largely disinterested. Some, through the Fabian Society and I.L.P., worked with the Trade Unions to build the Labour Party. Some reached Labour after long service for some special cause. Pethick-Lawrence will always be remembered for his devoted work for women's suffrage—the cause for which he went to prison and spent his fortune. He retires now with a great experiment in India to his credit. His place at the India Office—presumably for the period that India remains the direct concern of Whitehall—is taken by Lord Listowel, quiet, unassuming and efficient.

* * *

Hitherto the reactionary City Corporation has provided the chief obstacle to the admirable L.C.C. plan for London. Now, most surprisingly, Mr. Silkin wants to override the plan by erecting a colossal power-station on Bankside opposite St. Paul's, so that the great cathedral will no longer enjoy undivided command over the river landscape. I find little comfort in Mr. Silkin's promise that the Royal Final Arts Commission will be consulted on the design of the building. Why, one wonders, has it not been consulted on the suitability of the site? Even the best designed building can be a disaster, if it is in the wrong place. Can anyone imagine the French dumping a colossal power-station on the Seine opposite Notre Dame? Mr. Silkin is a cautious and sensible man, by no means oblivious of the amenity side of town and country planning, but he will need to show some extraordinary reason, far more powerful than any yet advanced, to satisfy the public that the site opposite St. Paul's is the only suitable place.

* * *

At the moment Mr. Dalton is about as unpopular with the man in the smoking-carriage as Mr. Shinwell was three months ago with the man in the unheated office. I suspect that the resentment is just about as permanent. Mr. Dalton had three possible courses. He could restrict imports of Virginia tobacco, which would have meant queues and buying under the counter. (Notice that he couldn't restrict Virginia tobacco alone because under the preposterous terms of the loan Britain may not discriminate against American imports.) He could have put tobacco, along with sweets, on personal points—the course which I would have thought best. The danger of the method he has adopted is that after a few months the better-to-do people will come back to smoking as much as ever, and those with small incomes will continue to regard this budget as a piece of class discrimination. The first reaction was a sharp fall in smoking. But a woman at a kiosk which supplies the employees of a big institution thinks this very temporary. "They only buy ten instead of twenty when they arrive in the morning," she said, "but they sneak back for the other ten after lunch." "Dalton won't get anything out of me," said the publican at our local. "I'm not going to smoke at all at this ridiculous price." "That'll suit Dalton exactly," I said, "he wants you to save dollars for him." "Strangulating the British public," said a mild-and-bitter, "that's what it is. First it's the food and now it's the poor man's cigarettes." I met a more sensible attitude among a group of working men. They began by complaining and then one of them remarked, "After all, smoking isn't natural, is it? If we were meant to smoke we'd have had chimneys on top, wouldn't we?" But I suspect that in six months' time we shall find that the chief result of the tax is a decline in the purchase of Savings Certificates.

* * *

A friend who watched the destruction of Heligoland writes:

> In Germany no one knew whether the island itself would survive the explosion, and on this ground urgent pleas were directed to the Control Commission by various German bodies, by men of all political shade and opinion, to content themselves with the destruction of the fortifications.
>
> Everywhere in northern Germany people ask the reason for a spectacular act of destruction which so obviously goes beyond military needs. "Heligoland is a symbol," they are told. On the eve of the event a Socialist editor wrote: "Heligoland will be the test-case what the attitude of Great Britain towards us really is"—a sentence, which a careful news editor eliminated before publication in order not to offend the ruling power. But it is what people feel. They take this act as something far more important than the mere destruction of fortifications whose value was already very doubtful in this war. The act has a political quality which may or may not have been considered by those in charge. They seem to have been intent on the technical interest of seeing how much rock could be destroyed in a single explosion, and rumour has it that the idea was to stage a sort of European Bikini with other than atomic explosives.

* * *

I have always believed corporal punishment to be bad for teachers and worse for children. Strange that this country, proverbial for its love of animals, should still permit teachers to beat children in their charge. Many of the more civilised nations have prohibited corporal punishment. We still sanction it under Common Law whilst other regulations prevent juvenile courts from imposing it except for serious cases. I have before me a report from one school where a boy was caned in a gymnasium for not touching his toes—something he was physically incapable of doing. In the same school, a boy with a stammer was caned on two successive days against the advice of a speech therapist. These are not isolated examples. I know harassed teachers, faced with large unruly classes, say they have no other means of keeping order. But this is simply to confess incompetence. How do teachers manage in Norway, Switzerland and Holland, where caning is forbidden? Doctor, psychologist, and educational experts all agree about the harmful effects of whipping, even when it is not sadistic—which it obviously and often is. I see that the committee which has been formed to work for an Act of Parliament which would outlaw corporal punishment in schools has already secured support from a large number of eminent doctors, welfare workers, M.P.s. and people in public life. Anyone who wishes to help this long-overdue crusade may write to the committee at Room 9, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1.

CRITIC

STINKING FISH

It is damned deplorable that the British Hotel Industry should shout stinking fish about the old country.—Sir Alexander Maxwell, April 14th.

Now tourist summer's drawing nigh
And tourist swallows start to fly
The British Hotel industry
With damnable effrontery
Shout stinking fish with one accord,
Defying Britain's Tourist Board,
As if Great Britain could afford
To keep them from the country.

The season's dollar-dropping flight,
Which very soon should be in sight,
Will never by the Thames alight
Or seek the silver Avon,
Or mouldering Norman piles explore,
If landlords by the ivied door,
Scare off the hopeful visitor
By croaking like the raven.

The thoughtful Tourist Board advise
The welcome guest betimes to rise
And take some healthful exercise
In scheduled hours of "shedding"—
A holiday in Britain means
Successions of sweet rural scenes,
Though inns are short of meat and greens
And tableware and bedding.

The tourists in our land are shown
Old relics lacking in their own,
This island gem, this precious stone,
Has many mossgrown facets—
While crumbling keeps and abbeys thrill,
They help to pay the dollar bill,
Our ancient monuments are still
Our most enduring assets.

To visitors who come to-day
Our British life, our British way,
Deserving poverty display
Becoming to a debtor,
And though amenities are few
And tourists also must make do,
With further dollar loans in view,
The worse things are, the better.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Miss B. J. Crawter.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Thirty-six-year-old Alexander Marshall, Portland dockyard crane driver who pulled three railway trucks with his teeth, wants to pull a motor coach along Piccadilly with his hair.

He is applying to the Metropolitan Police for permission to do it at Whitsun.—*Sunday Express.*

Choirboys at the Church of the Ascension, Preston, Wembley, are to be asked to enter the church through the door instead of the windows because of the damage, including broken windows, caused by this method of entry.—*Star.*

The prohibition of swinging on Sundays in the recreation fields of the market town of Callington, Cornwall, which has been in force for 20 years, has been removed by a majority vote of one by the local council. Though the swings have been locked on Sundays, see-saws have been permitted. —Report in the *Daily Telegraph*.

CABINET SWING BY WHITSUN.—*Evening News* headline.

Land Girl wanted to help with Milking Bail, must be reliable and capable of producing category "A" milk, wages £4 to right girl.—Advt. in *Newbury Weekly News*.

TWO WORLDS AT MOSCOW

(By Cable from Our Moscow Correspondent.)

THIS time it looks as if the Conference is really coming to an end, though there is still a possibility that it may drag out for a few days longer if the Russians can persuade the others to resume hitherto fruitless discussions of those key problems on which, in fact, everything else depends —German economic unity, the level of industry, and reparations. And at the moment there is even one chance in ten (that is the prevalent estimate) that the Austrian Treaty may still be concluded. If the prospects of the Austrian Treaty improve, then the Big Four may still go on sitting in Moscow right into May. But it is a remote possibility.

Looking through the British daily press which is brought here on the day of issue by Conference planes, one has the strange impression that few are seeing, or even trying to see, the wood for the trees. Behind the debating, the bad humour, the occasional sallies and witticisms of the Foreign Ministers, the great ideological struggle on a world scale is continuing, and this tends to be treated as something separate from the Moscow Conference. But the truth is that, although there has been a sort of gentlemen's agreement to pretend this has nothing to do with the Moscow business talks, the Conference would have done better if Truman had not spoken. There have been two clear cases in the last week when the discussions have been coloured, more than ever before, by Russian apprehensions of America.

First, there was the "Byrnes Treaty," which, Marshall suggested, should be signed. Its advocates say "Why not? Its purpose of keeping Germany disarmed could not be more praiseworthy. It would have an excellent effect on the Germans. It would show them that, although we cannot agree on anything else, we at least are all equally determined to keep Germany disarmed." The critics reply: "Don't be silly, and don't take the Germans for a bunch of half-wits. It's no use producing this bit of Big Four solidarity for the shop window when there is nothing behind it. If we agree, let us really agree convincingly on everything and not just on one thing and leave everything else in the air." Bevin, of course, wholeheartedly endorsed Marshall's proposal. Bidault also said: "Of course, it is a jolly good idea"; but, if you get the French alone, they will tell you: "Frankly, without anything else being settled, the whole thing stinks of the Kellogg Pact and the rest of the platonic declarations which we had between the two wars and which, from the security standpoint, were as good as useless." And in private the Russians will tell you: "There is really little advantage in a Four Power Pact as it stands. It provides only one guarantee —a guarantee that America will have indefinitely a finger in the German pie. We don't mind—provided she is also committed to keeping the German reactionaries down. But, for all we know, the American tenderness for reactionaries may continue to grow as years go by."

An even clearer case of Russian apprehensions is provided by Austria. Before there is anything like a settlement of the main German issues, the Russians are pressed to get out of Austria. Immediately their suspicions are aroused. For nearly two years American military officers in Vienna have been bobnobbing with the Austrian Government and making no secret of their loathing of the Russians. Marshall has been denouncing the Russians for wishing to enslave Austria economically. The Russians have certainly seemed to have grabbed in Austria more "German assets" than would seem reasonable, but they are hardly encouraged to be reasonable when some of the Austrians keep saying in private: "The Russians won't be reasonable about these German assets. But there is no need to make too great a fuss about it. Once the Occupation troops are out, and we have become a sovereign independent State, we can pass all sorts of laws prohibiting, say, the export of commodities run by Russian-owned plants—and then where are they?" But it is not only that. Although the Russians would much prefer to take their Occupation troops out of Austria and put them into production inside Russia, one cannot escape the suspicion that they would greatly prefer to settle the main lines of the German Treaty first.

The reason is simple. Until the Russians are fairly certain that some reasonable *modus vivendi* has crystallised among the Big Four in relation to Germany, they are by no means clear what American intentions in Austria may be. The strategic importance of Austria is paramount. And what if, in virtue of Truman's policy, a good Right-wing Austrian Government (Austria is about the easiest place in the world for producing such a Government) were to become, like the Greek Government, a bulwark against Communism—that monster with its nearest lair only thirty miles away at Bratislava? The prospect of a big dollar loan rolling into Vienna has clouded the chances of an Austria Treaty being concluded, and has been at the back of the discussions whether the wretched little Austrian Army of 53,000 should be armed only—as the Russians would have it—with home-made weapons, or whether Austria should be free to buy arms abroad, as the Americans would have it. Bevin, for his part, said it would be "most undesirable to increase Austria's war potential," as if that was really Molotov's great ambition!

Although this Conference has not produced many concrete results, it has clarified everybody's position and narrowed down the issues to a few fundamentals. Once these are agreed upon, everything else will easily fall in its place. On the face of it, the Big Four are unanimous on the desirability of German economic unity; and on the level of industry there is virtual agreement. On reparations some concessions—which will not, in fact, be as crippling as Bevin has been suggesting—will have to be made to the Russians if only to save their faces during the next few years (why there should not be more substantial reparations later has never been clearly demonstrated). But ultimately everything will depend on the international climate between now and the Foreign Ministers' next meeting. If the Truman policy proves to be a deliberate policy of encircling Russia, then the next Conference will do no better, and may do a lot worse.

A FIVE-POINT PLAN

EVER since the Economic Survey was published the Government has been criticised on the ground that, although it has accurately diagnosed the patient's condition, it has discussed, but failed to prescribe, remedies. Tory critics in their own predictable fashion have attempted to supply the deficiency. Mr. Lyttelton, for example, called for a cut in surtax; Sir John Anderson wanted a reduction in death duties on the one hand and of food subsidies on the other; both demand deflation; and others proposed a postponement of the raising of the school-leaving age. Their suggestions, in short, amounted to the familiar recipe of more work, less real pay, more profits and less social reform.

It is, however, not enough for Socialists to reject these proposals with understandable impatience. We must put forward positive alternatives. It is true, of course, that there is no one magic panacea, but there are a dozen possible approaches to the problem, all of which are open to objection, but all of which must none the less be tried. What we have to do, therefore, is not to expect and wait for the perfect painless solution, but, as so often, boldly to choose the lesser of two evils. And the lesser of two evils for the next three years is whatever promotes and does not impede production.

The most immediate aspect of the matter is how to utilise present productive resources as advantageously as possible. Shortage of fuel will not permit a general indiscriminate expansion of production on all fronts. It is no use increasing your manpower where it lacks the raw materials to work with. The danger of unemployment is no longer from the lack of purchasing power, but from the lack of raw materials. In simple terms, the prior problem is to stimulate essential industries and put a brake upon inessential ones, without resorting to direction of labour. I want, therefore, to put forward, though it can only be here in broad terms, a concrete five-point plan for a limited period of, say, three years to begin with, but for immediate introduction.

Point One has already been accepted by the Government in principle. It is the control and direction of raw materials primarily to the industries which it is important to stimulate. This of itself would certainly not do the trick, though it can contribute. It has been attacked by Lyttelton in pious horror on the ground, so far as I could understand his argument, that it was using the threat of unemployment in the national interest instead of, as in the past, in the interest of private profits. But, in point of fact, intelligent direction of raw materials need not involve the old merciless form of unemployment at all because raw materials would only be restricted in respect of industries when and where there were alternative and more important and accessible industries needing manpower.

Point Two is differential taxation. This is no startling innovation. We already have an example of it in the Purchase Tax, which could be used more rigorously. We have another example in the existing differentiation between earned and unearned income. Why not, therefore, differentiate between earnings won in unpopular industries as against popular ones? It could be done very simply by relieving the unpopular jobs of P.A.Y.E.

Point Three is a device which has not been very widely discussed, but to which Dr. Taylor has given much thought and which may be described as a negative direction of labour. I believe it is quite possible to work out a scheme whereby inessential industries were disallowed from increasing their existing staffs without licence. All engagements would be registered, as during the war, with the Labour Exchanges and the Appointments Board, who would be provided with a list of industries to be debarred from recruiting fresh personnel until further notice. The normal average weekly drift from an industry (I believe it is about three-quarters of 1 per cent per week) is such that, if replacement were suspended, the numbers employed would automatically dwindle where it was thought desirable to impose this suspension. Nor is this principle unprecedented either. Even at present a man cannot take a particular job where there is no vacancy and the National Health Bill has established the common-sense principle in respect of doctors that the national interest shall decide where there are vacancies and where there are not. There is good reason for extending the same idea.

Point Four raises the question of differential wages. The Government in the White Paper has accepted the notion that essential but unattractive industries must be made more attractive. And already in the mining areas it is proposing an additional supply of consumer goods and even of aluminium houses, though I

am sorry it has not yet decided upon a system of differential ration books as has already been successfully adopted in many countries abroad. But this, of course, will not be enough. It will be necessary to increase wages as well as to improve conditions.

Now the hard fact is that it is no use increasing wages for unpopular jobs if wages for popular jobs are immediately to follow suit. The logical conclusion would therefore seem to be what is known as a Wages Policy, an idea against which, quite understandably, there is in the Labour Movement considerable resistance. It is understandable because for years when there has been a superfluity of labour the workers have been at the mercy of a free market; and scant mercy they had of it. Now, when the situation is reversed and the cards are in their hands, it is a hard thing to ask them to forgo their overdue advantage. The remarkable thing is the restraint which they have already displayed by refusing in the national interest to press home this advantage as well they could. Nevertheless, there is no blinking the fact that, even if trades union Leaders were willing temporarily to circumscribe their sectional bargaining rights, they are not dictators and would have no chance of getting this policy in present circumstances accepted by the rank and file.

I say "in present circumstances," but there is one condition which might make it possible for them and that condition is my fifth point. It is that, concurrently with a policy of differential wages, there should also be launched a policy of differential profits.

I am not overlooking the fact that for the present 80 per cent of our industry is under private enterprise and the fuel which makes that machine run, when it does run, is private profit. I recognise also that you cannot expect an engine to run if you withhold the fuel, but by differentiation you could withhold the fuel from the engines you want to slow up and permit it to those you want to accelerate.

In other words, it would be quite practicable to establish a ceiling for profits, provided it were combined with a system which allowed important industries to plough back any surplus over and above that ceiling into their business for capital equipment. Where capital re-equipment was not immediately available, tax exemption would be allowed in respect of a development fund. By this means it would be possible to preserve the profit incentive in those non-nationalised industries where a stimulus were desirable and, at the same time, to perform an act of simple equity if Labour be asked to accept a comparable system in respect of wages.

In the Budget Debate I suggested that the non-discriminatory form of the Chancellor's Profits Tax was a missed opportunity. Such a tax, if uniform, must be levied at a very low rate in order to avoid injuring vital industries. As a result the real quarry escapes and West Ham Stadium, instead of paying a 285 per cent dividend, is reduced to paying a beggarly 250 per cent. But with a ceiling on distributed profits of, say, 10 per cent and exemption on non-distributed profits varying from 100 per cent to nil per cent, the Chancellor would have raised very much more revenue than the mere £20,000,000 for which he has budgeted. In addition he would have decreased purchasing power and therefore the inflationary pressure, substantially and (relatively) painlessly. He would have answered the charge that the Government is leaving the problem of maldistribution virtually untackled. He would by this striking move have dramatised the reality of the present economic emergency. And finally he would have trebled the persuasive powers of the Government in pressing for concessions from the workers.

It is worth remembering, too, that differential wages, differential profits and differential taxation are none of them novelties. Differentiation has always existed, but it has been haphazard. The novelty is to differentiate deliberately in the national interest. That is surely a proper Socialist adaptation of the principle, from which the Government must not shy: for it is the only solution to the difficulty inherent in a policy of full employment, the difficulty of getting the unpopular jobs done without direction of labour.

The present position is so grave that it must call forth not only, as we are so often and rightly told, heroic individual efforts from our people, but heroic measures by our Government. Without them not even the most artful propaganda can be effective. Propaganda cannot be a substitute for policy. A clear, hard-cut decision can easily be dramatised; indeed it dramatises itself. But only a Tchekov or a Shakespeare can dramatise indecision and even they, though they can make of it a tragedy or a comedy, could certainly not transmute it into a clarion call. It would not have been very exhilarating if in 1940 Mr. Churchill had had to say, "We are giving careful consideration to fighting on the beaches, we are consulting both sides of industry about fighting on the landing grounds, we hope the agriculturists will co-operate in fighting in the fields . . ." The condition of leadership is to take it for granted that your people are behind you, without forever glancing apprehensively over your shoulder. If you are wrong, you'll soon find out. But there are no escape clauses. To be tentative cannot save you. That is not the essence of democracy but its bane.

BENN W. LEVY

ART WORKERS AND THE STATE

BEING old enough to have been educated by Macaulay and John Stuart Mill on the subject, all that has lately been written about State selection of budding novelists, poets, painters, composers, scientists, statesmen and philosophers, with State nurture of them by tax-exemption, prizes, endowments and so forth, seems to me obsolete. A State department for such selection would be like one for the selection and support of possible Derby winners.

In a Socialist State, with the Marxian class war between proprietors and proletarians abolished, there will come to the front the conflict between the energetic few who want to work until they must go to bed or for a holiday tour of at least six weeks, and retire at 40, having paid scot and lot for their education, subsistence and pension, into a private life of leisure and experiment, and the easygoing who want to work four hours a day or less for five days or fewer in the week, and retire at sixty or later.

There will always be such people; and Socialism will have to organise employment for them, just as it will have to organize the lives of those who make docile and useful prisoners and soldiers in a condition of complete tutelage, but, left to themselves, become helpless and incorrigible criminals, beggars, borrowers, tramps; in short, burdensome good-for-nothings. In these last the human stock is not necessarily degenerating: it is in fallow, recuperating for future harvest. It may include brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, of the world's greatest geniuses. Mozart's son was only a fair musician like his grandfather. Mendelssohn's father complained that he had begun as the son of his father and ended as the father of his son. Beethoven's nephew was a scapegrace; and none of the kindred of Shakespeare or Dickens achieved anything like their eminence. Selection by heredity, the weak point in the feudal system, is thus ruled out under Socialism. So is extermination of the defective.

Nature, which our religious sects rightly call Providence, somehow sees to it that as many geniuses as are socially necessary are born; but under Capitalism most of it is extinguished by lack of leisure from breadwinning. I myself, after five years' commercial servitude, had to burn my boats and sponge upon my parents for my livelihood for nine years of literary apprenticeship before I could earn my keep by my pen. From commercial habit I worked daily at fiction, like Trollope, day by day, without waiting for inspiration; but the publishers were unanimous in their refusal to select me as an author; and the better I wrote the more resolved they were to have nothing to do with me.

Their advisers, who included George Meredith and John Morley, knew their business as well as any State department could.

What, then, was needed to tide me over this period had my parents been unable to feed, lodge and clothe me?

Clearly and simply a bread-and-butter job in the four-hour-five-day-a-week division, leaving the novice daily leisure enough to write fiction as a would-be novelist, to paint pictures, to compose music, to invent machines, to excogitate philosophies or scientific theories, taking the chance of imposing on the world as a professionally self-supporting story-teller, painter, composer, philosopher, inventor or what not. Rousseau lived by copying music, Spinoza by grinding lenses, Wagner by conducting (and borrowing), Dickens as a clerk, Wells as a schoolmaster, others as journalists or what not. But nowadays few such employments leave sufficient leisure to maintain the natural supply of geniuses. Sterndale Bennett was extinguished by having to teach five-finger exercises to young ladies when he should have been composing. Newton might have got as far as Einstein if he had not been employed as Master of the Mint.

There is, as far as I can see, no other solution of the problem of original work under Socialism than routine jobs and shorter hours for aspirants. Some business training does no harm to artists and thinkers: on the contrary, it saves them from being the feckless nuisances they now often are, living in an imaginary world and ignorant of the real one. The Harold Skimpole side of Leigh Hunt was an extremely undesirable one.

I must warn the Soot-or-Whitewash Brigade, the All-of-One-Piece-Beginners who make Socialism and every other change so difficult, that I am not renouncing all my Fabian doctrine and advocating the instant and catastrophic discontinuance of all tests of fitness for public employment except the Trial and Error test. All that I have written suggesting that the present promiscuous popular selection of our rulers be restricted to panels of persons with a minimum of education and sanity is as valid as ever. People with the mental scope of villagers should be eligible only as parish councillors, and should at least establish their ability to read an agenda paper, and to have some notion of the surviving items in the ten commandments and the limits of religious and political toleration. For the highest offices of State a grasp of the two elementary laws of political economy (rent and exchange value), and of the scope and importance of the fine arts, physical science, law and the religions, should be exacted. This much is roughly but sufficiently ascertainable, and does not include individual technical accomplishment as distinct from comprehension. Until the popular electoral choice is limited to some such extent our present system of election of anybody by everybody will continue to operate as a guarantee of mediocrity and reaction interrupted only by paroxysms of Hitlerism.

Socialists who want to have everything Socialised, Liberals who want to have everything Cobdenised, Conservatives who want to have nothing changed, and people who are unaware that all civilisation is based on a foundation of Communism and a surrender of individual liberty in respect of totalitarian agreements to do or not to do certain fundamental things, should be disfranchised. Some of them should be sent to mental hospitals. Every competent citizen should be Communist in some things, Conservative, Liberal, and even Capitalist in others all at once, before he or she can rank as a competent citizen.

But the social provision for genius will still be leisure for voluntary experimental apprenticeship. No better anthropometry is yet within our knowledge.—(*World Copyright.*) G. B. S.

The Arts and Entertainment

THE THEATRE

"Call Home the Heart," at the St. James's
"Present Laughter," at the Haymarket

Miss Clemence Dane has written a highly interesting new play. But there is something wrong with it, and the question of what that something is seems to me, in its own way, almost equally absorbing. The play is furnished from beginning to end with sound theatre material—yet it is somehow lacking in drama. The fate of each character is neatly folded away at the close of the last act—yet the audience, the actors and the play itself seem to be left in mid-air.

What has happened to Miss Dane is something which happens to all good artists. At some time in its composition, the play began to take charge of the playwright. Miss Dane, I suggest, wished to enlarge on the respectable and contemporary theme of marriage ties weakened by war, the choice between husband and lover, and so on. But the Play had other views, and wanted to be about something quite different. The young wife Lydia, recovering from the strain of war and the shock of a war accident, is living with her parents. She is friends with her understanding father (acted by understanding Leon Quartermaine); but her selfish and possessive mother gets on her shattered nerves. In the mother, Miss Thorndike and Miss Dane between them have created a character of enormous and appalling reality. Impossible to speak *to* her, because there is no person, no solid ground left in the corrupt mass of egotism and self-deception. Impossible to disregard her, because she infects every situation, every relationship, by her meaningless excess of feeling. Here is the real play, and a fine one it is—the contest between the mother and the daughter, whose nerves are inflamed almost to madness by the mother's "love-bullying" (as D. H. Lawrence used to call it). It is because this real drama is unresolved that the play has no finish; for we feel only mildly concerned over the subsequent histories of the husband and the lover, who turn out to be no more real when they appear in the flesh than they were when they stepped out of the wings in Act I, more shadowily, as hallucinations in the mind of Lydia. Valerie White plays the part of the girl as it should be played—as if she was being flayed alive. Miss Shelagh Fraser and Miss Joan Newell are good in smaller parts.

Delighted audiences will be filling the Haymarket for just so long as Mr. Coward wishes *Present Laughter* to run. This revival proves the play, once more, to be the perfection of high comedy. Cast, writing and production combine so smoothly that they cannot be differentiated. Mr. Coward plays the part in which he smiles at, and to, himself. As a younger actor he seemed sometimes to be terrifyingly old: now that he is more mature, he has mellowed to an engaging youthfulness of good spirits. Longing to see Robert Eddison as the horribly hero-worshipping young man, I yet looked back to Mr. Donald's original performance of the part, on steel-rimmed-spectacles lines, more awful, and even more funny. Mr. Eddison appeared as the Last of the Leonine Young Liberals, with a copy, I am shocked to say, of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION bulging out of his pocket. Sniff as much as you like at Mr. Coward's Drury Lane manner, it is impossible to deny that he is master of the theatre. I left thinking about Dr. Johnson's lines on the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard:* "Had Gray often written thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

STEPHEN POTTER

RADIO NOTES

IT seems to me that the Home Service and Third might condescend to the Light Programme to the extent of borrowing Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall's method (I do not suggest he invented it) of inserting dramatised excerpts into reviews of current novels. No: there is no occasion here for raised hands or upturned eyes. The method need not be cheap; in the case of *Books and Authors* (L.P., Wednesdays at 6.15) the effect is cheap only when the book in question is so. And this is where my point emerges. To read a novelist's dialogue aloud—*act* it, as it were—is the best way of judging, and displaying, its quality. How many of our "top" novelists—those, I mean, who attempt to be something more than journalists—would come well out of this test? Miss Compton-Burnett certainly, Henry Green and V. S. Pritchett and R. C. Hutchinson very probably. But not (to mention only the illustrious dead) D. H. Lawrence or Virginia Woolf. To be convincing, then, a novelist's dialogue need not "speak" well; but to have the case tried before us gives us a good idea what a book is like. Both Mr. Calder-Marshall and Mr. Daniel George speak from a solid fund of good sense, as well as appreciating what constitutes literature; and it is patent that their critical acumen is rather wasted by the necessity of making the best of such obviously dreadful books as the romance about Queen Elizabeth discussed in their programme last week.

Questions in the Air: Capital Punishment. This, the last programme in the present series, was a particularly good bit of broadcasting: it shirked none of the issues, it kept to the point, it was entirely good-humoured in spite of the utterly disparate temperaments of the antagonists, and it never descended to the cosy jokes and arch asides with which the Brains Trust so often lowers the intensity of our attention. I have no room here to discuss fully what was said on either side: Miss Margery Fry put her case with so much nobility of feeling, as well as intellectual ability, that one cannot but wish the programme might be repeated. In my judgment she simply romped away with her points, to which Mr. Colm Brogan opposed little but emotive statements, apparently dictated by a general contempt for psychology. On a single point, however, I found myself siding with him. If the death penalty is to obtain, it were better to extend, rather than contract its application, for surely there are several crimes that are morally worse than murder and treason—prolonged cruelty to children, for example, and large-scale fraud involving the financial ruin of innocent people. Between the spiritual harm done to the executioner and that accruing to the warder in a long-sentence prison neither Miss Fry nor Mr. Brogan attempted to distinguish. Yet the point is important, I think.

Deirdre of the Sorrows. One is glad to have heard this play. That is about the size of it. The beauty is unquestionable, but one feels the author straining after it; and the end comes as a relief. It seems as if Synge had tried, in this one instance, to write the kind of play Arthur Symons would have admired—an "æsthetic" tragedy in the taste of the Nineties. In this he ran counter to his genius, which was for poetic realism. The precursor of Sean O'Casey (and, incidentally, of *Odd Man Out*), his business was with the heightened consciousness of ordinary people, not—emphatically not—with Mélisande. And Deirdre *is* Mélisande. The result is a distinguished failure. Except for the Conchubor of Adrian Byrne, which lacked the necessary Celtic "tune" to a disastrous degree, the cast was excellent; but personally I felt that Mr. Noel Iliff's tasteful production reduced the drama to the level of a reading. The technique with which the violences of the last act were presented was so jejune that nothing seemed to be happening at all. A fault on the right side, no doubt; but a fault. Background music, so often used out of season, would have considerably aided the illusion that a fight was going on outside Deirdre's tent, and that the cries of alarm and despair were something more than the voice of a single actor calling, script in hand, from the corner of the studio.

Mozart's Piano Concertos. This impressive series of performances, which is now at an end, cannot be allowed to pass without a word of congratulation to Dame Myra Hess for a most remarkable achievement. Her interpretations of these glittering masterpieces were as beautiful as they were precise. Will the gramophone companies not put us further in their debt by issuing those concertos (there are only seven, out of the whole corpus of twenty-five) which remain unavailable? As the recent broadcasts revealed, at least four of these are not inferior to their famous siblings.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, a pupil of Donald Tovey and a collateral of the poet, is a composer of whom, during the past year or two, we have become increasingly aware; and I am inclined to believe that we shall hear a good deal more of him in the future—at any rate, I hope so. He has developed slowly (the war descended upon him at the unlucky age of thirty), but he has attempted no short cuts: his previous works, so far as I have heard them (a *Symphony*, a *Violin Sonata*, a set of four *Donne Sonnets* somewhat overshadowed by those of Britten), displayed a solid technique applied to ideas of unequal value, coupled with a most encouraging freedom from pretentiousness. A new *Piano Concerto* suggests that he is now emerging into the secure enjoyment of his talent.

Considering the rehearsal conditions of our day, the work was remarkably well played by John Hunt and the L.S.O. conducted by Charles Hambourg. It is in a single movement, lasting some twenty-five minutes, and owes something to the example of Liszt and Franck, not only in its form and texture but in its impassioned, romantic content: it is singularly free from modern inhibitions about direct emotional appeal and beauty of sheer sound. The central section, an *Adagio cantabile* in B major and 12/8 time, forms an elaborately extended lyrical paragraph, tranquil without stagnation, on a scale and of an order now rarely attempted; and the composer will do well to neglect those critics who are sure to inform him that this beautiful nocturne is "derivative," "sentimental," "regressive" and so on. The *allegro feroce* sections, though they make effective play with a "Scotch snap" iambic figure, seemed on a first hearing less completely successful; but then it is always the fiery and brilliant passages which suffer most from inadequate rehearsal. The solo writing is for the most part decorative rather than showy: this fact should not deter our pianists from taking up a work which makes so valuable and attractive an addition to their repertory.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

PICTURES

IN no other great country has foreign influence been so constant and so enriching as it has here. How large a proportion of our best artists have depended on inspiration from abroad—Chaucer, all the Elizabethans, Milton, the Metaphysicals, Purcell, Dryden and the other Restoration playwrights, Wren, Pope, Wilson, Gainsborough, Reynolds, all the Romantic poets, Turner, Ruskin, Browning, Henry James, Sickert, and so on, and so on. The isolation, inevitable during the war, and still too generally imposed upon us, is highly damaging to all the arts.

If opera in English is ever to be more than mediocre, our singers must have a standard set to them; and there seems a danger that the subsidy so properly given to Covent Garden may be used to keep at a safe distance the foreign artists who alone could set such a standard. The continuing restrictions on the import of paintings are similarly impoverishing English visual art. If they were removed, our artists might become more self-critical. Mr. William Crosbie, for instance, who is now showing at the Lefevre Galleries, might hesitate before putting all these works of his in front of us—or am I overestimating his discernment? Possibly I am: the works in any case seem to me among the most insensitive I have ever seen at a respectable dealer's. Mr. John Armstrong, who shows in the same room, has abandoned what he reproved me for calling a technique derived from mosaic, and this I can only applaud. He still uses his marvellously neat fingers to project the disquieting world of his imagination, in which now feathers and leaves play leading partr. Though I don't presume to interpret his symbols, they seem to me with all their elegance to express desolation and the death-wish.

The Redfern has a room full of paintings by Derwent Lees, most of them showing him at something short of his best. He was a charming artist, though his personality is not easy to disentangle from the influences of Innes and Augustus John. A painting of a billiard-room—one of the best in the show—surprised me by its debt to the Camden Town Group. A loan exhibition of his best works would be highly

enjoyable. Elsa Vaudrey in the same Gallery is new to me—she has learnt intelligently from Frances Hodgkins and her colour is interesting, though her composition is apt to be feeble and flyaway. Brian Wynter probably deserves encouragement; Michael Rothenstein, on the other hand, needs criticism: he makes less than full use of his talents.

At the Leicester Gallery, Raymond Coxon's show includes some taking pictures of animals in woods, and water-colours that reveal poetic feeling as well as a command of the medium. In the next room, Derek Hill affords much pleasure, especially in his smaller paintings. Those who judge the value of art, as some people judge medicine, by the nastiness of the taste, will be shocked by his apparent desire to please. For my part, I wish more artists would condescend to charm. Mr. Hill has taste and accomplishment. He likes the look of things, and he likes the way good painters have painted them. Also he can invent delightful illustrations. I hope he won't take it into his head to follow the fashion and attempt to express the tragic anxieties that are now endemic. Most good pictures reflect enjoyment. And if our painters could again go somewhere sunny for longer than a month, there might be more enjoyment for us as well as for them.

ROGER MARVELL

THE MOVIES

"Monsieur La Souris," at the Academy
"Storm Over Britain," March of Time

The opportunities for those living in London who prefer good films continue to grow. Did you miss Dreyer's inexorable *Day of Wrath?* It will be found again at the little Hampstead Everyman. *Les Enfants du Paradis?* An uninterrupted run is maintained at the Carlton, Tottenham Court Road. Both these pieces have quickly found a place outside the West End. I wish—to revive an old grouse—the same speediness determined the transit of films to London from the Continent. *Monsieur La Souris* was described on the invitation card as an altogether *new* French film—new, in this case, meaning five years old but not yet seen in England. Why the time-lapse, which has applied, I believe, to every imported French film since the war except *Symphonie Pastorale?* A little book I have been reading, *The Film in France* (by Roy Fowler, Pendulum Press, 2s.), gives a list of films produced in the years 1940-46 which makes one's mouth—or eyes—water for what one is missing. I shall return to it, and to some other books on the subject, in a moment.

Raimu has come again to haunt us delightfully as a M. La Souris whose business it is, on rainy nights when the commissionaire is busy, to provide the shade of a huge, tattered brolly for diners hurrying from their cars to the restaurant. How it pours! How he illuminates, this fantastic gentleman (see his gloves letting the finger-tips show), the section of Parisian *trottoir* he has made his own! It isn't only the wet pavements that make him dance on tiptoe. And, disarmingly, he's none too honest. And he has a little rat-like pal called M. Cupidon. And one evening a fine car drives up, a dead man lies slumped over the wheel, there's a running-off for help, the car vanishes, M. La Souris picks up a wallet containing a large sum in notes. No need to go on. The story comes from Simenon; there, nearly all the time, is Raimu, larger than life. This kind of film in France seems almost to make itself, yet how, one wonders, could it be bettered?

It appears only as one of an extended list in Mr. Roy Fowler's *The Film in France*. I should like to recommend highly this fifty-page survey, which gives just the information we want and appears also, so far as I can check Mr. Fowler's play of opinion, to be intelligently critical. The films he has made me wish to see most are Clouzot's *Le Corbeau*, banned for being politically "decadent"; Bresson's *Les Anges du Pèché* and *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne;* Carné's *Les Portes de la Nuit;* and Cocteau's *La Belle et La Bête*. Mr. Fowler ends with a panegyric of Georges Rouquier, whose *Farrebique* I have pushed forward in these columns more than once as the most important documentary (outside war films) seen in fifteen years.

A number of books on the French cinema can be obtained from the Anglo-French Literary Services Ltd., 72 Charlotte Street, W.1. Of those I have seen *Images du Cinéma Français* (20s.) provides an album of some 240 stills; many of these have an arresting quality in themselves, and I doubt if any other country can boast a fidelity to aesthetic aims such as is registered here from Méliès to Coctau. *Anthologie du Cinéma* (11s. 6d.) is a representative collection of articles (360 pages) from film-makers of every order; Mary Pickford as well as Eisenstein and Feyder, Vicki Baum as well as Chaplin and Clair; its drawback is that, not being politically "decadent," it allows no space at all to German achievements. A big hole!

The new March of Time issue gives a dramatic and sketchy, but not unsympathetic, view of the "crisis" that has grown up here after two wars. This on the whole very fair statement should do something to inform the large section of American opinion which cherishes two beliefs about England: that we are (1) finished, and (2) dangerously Red, from top to toe.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE POETIC PROCESSION

THE National Book League's Exhibition at 7 Albemarle Street, of First and Early Editions of Works of the English Poets from Chaucer to the Present Day. Thus the title of the catalogue of the 346 exhibits compiled by John Hayward for this most complete, and certainly most exciting and rewarding, collection of books ever on view to the public.

The compiler of the catalogue has also handled the arrangement of the several show-cases with conscientious personal care. Each exhibit is held open by an inoffensive strip of ribbon at a poem or passage most immediately evocative of the author's genius or of the spirit of his age. It is invidious to state preferences, yet a careful survey of each glass-topped case must excite comparisons and many delightful tests of taste and memory may be devised among the octavos and the folios, which so splendidly panoply the works of the eighteenth century. In the previous age, after as often as not a magnificent engraved title page (look at 83, *Steps to the Temple*, and indeed at 43, *Poly-Olbion*, and marvel) the poems follow one another on a page with the intimacy and privacy of the poet's own manuscript-book, and cheek by jowl can be seen such jewels as 81, *Silex Scintillans*. "I saw Eternity the other night," and 79, *Poems* by Edmund Waller, "Go lovely rose, Tell her that wasts her time and me."

It was Stendhal who said, "Je n'écris que pour les *happy few*": he supposed himself to be ahead of his time and in 1840 said that he would be understood and appreciated somewhere about 1880. John Hayward may be accused by some of writing for the happy few, for the bibliophiles, few but enthusiastic. This view would be short-sighted indeed! This scholarly and fascinating catalogue, conveniently arranged by centuries, is, and will remain, a treasure-trove and an indispensable work of reference. We may speculate upon the comments of little Basic Englanders in 1990, when attempting to interpret certain esoteric points of collation or state. 4to. (in 8s) may still be in use: but "early nineteenth century diced russia, sprinkled edges, marbled end-papers" may foil them, "contemporary sheep" and "modern purple calf" fox them.

Above all let the great public go and enjoy the delights of this rich and rare display of four centuries of history and tradition. It displays poetry as a matter not of moments only but of men, and each great moment has made great men and been made by them. Here is a procession of mighty figures, each at once the creation and the creator of an age.

HENRY POCKLINGTON

VIKINGS TO EUROPE

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What do YOU know about the 'other' films?

A survey on British films was recently carried out by Research Services Ltd. among top-ranking professional and business people. (Some idea of the type of person approached will be gained from the fact that the principal papers read by them are: *The Times, The Observer, The Economist, The New Statesman and Nation, The Spectator* and *Tribune.)* The answers given suggest that many people are lacking accurate information. For instance: 75% of informants were unaware that the Rank Organisation makes NON-FEATURE films.

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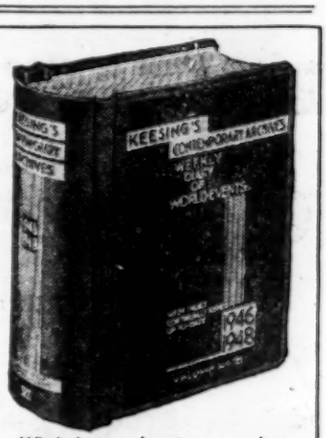

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Correspondence

SEMI-FASCIST SOUTH AFRICA?

SIR,—Recently, on my way to a meeting of the Non-European Affairs Committee of the Johannesburg City Council, I picked up your issue of March 8th, which contains a letter from Mr. Sole, the Political Secretary at South Africa House, who denies that Smuts was defying Uno over the Indian issue and the future of South-West Africa. Yet in the debate in the House of Assembly on March 19th, General Smuts stated:

> The future of the territory (S.-W. A.) rests with the Union. There is no other destiny for it. It can never within any reasonable time—and perhaps never at all—stand on its own feet. . . .

The Prime Minister then moved an amendment to the motion moved by the Nationalist, Mr. Louw, which asked for the incorporation of S.-W. A. as a fifth province of S. Africa. The amendment had a preamble, which stated that whereas the Treaty of Versailles bestowed full power on South Africa to adminster S.-W. A., and whereas the League of Nations had ceased to exist and was not empowered to transfer its power regarding S.-W. A. to Uno, and whereas South Africa has not consented to surrender its rights and remains in full possession of them, and whereas the overwhelming majority of inhabitants, European and non-European, favour incorporation:

> Therefore, This House is of the opinion that the territory should be represented in the Parliament of the Union of South Africa as an integral portion thereof, and requests the Government to introduce legislation, after consultation with the inhabitants of the territory, providing for its representation in the Union Parliament, and that the Government should continue to render reports to the United Nations Organisation as it has done heretofore under the Mandate.

The debate was adjourned, and, in view of the "time factor," it was later not found possible to introduce legislation dealing with S.-W. A. this session. But there stands Smuts' own resolution. And no amount of legal arguments can make it sound like anything but open defiance of Uno and an intention to incorporate S.-W. A. into the Union.

It would take too long to comment on all the points raised by both Mr. Sole and General Smuts, but the fact is that both of them can still cynically speak about the consultation with the wishes of the inhabitants of S.-W.A., Black and White, after this farce was thoroughly exposed at Uno.

As regards the Indian issue, by another strange coincidence, the agenda of my non-European Affairs Committee meeting contained another item pertinent to this—the question of expropriation of some Indian property that the Council needs in Johannesburg. The expropriation is being fiercely contested by the Indian owners, because if this property, which has trading rights, and is in an exempted area, is taken from them, because of the "Ghetto" Act, they will literally have nowhere else to go, either to live or to carry on business. The Act remains, in spite of Uno censure. And, in addition, while Smuts has made no attempt to meet the Indian Government, certain reactionary elements in South Africa have launched a racialistic boycott of Indian country traders—terrorising African and European customers who are not in favour of the boycott. The purpose is to ruin these Indian traders, as a "reprisal" against the Indian Government's action in placing a trade embargo on South Africa. The boycott bears all the nasty marks of outrageous racialism; the leaflets calling local farmers to boycott meetings speak in derogatory terms of the Indians as "coolies," talk about "preserving White South Africa," and contain many appeals of a racialistic character.

Now the interesting thing about this boycott is that in every area many of the leaders of the boycott are leading members of Smuts' United Party in their particular locality, and the United Party and the Government, neither by word nor deed, have done anything, officially or unofficially, to discourage the boycott or the participation of their members. One is left with the impression that it is encouraged by Smuts' party.

But what really interested me most in Mr. Sole's letter is the happy way in which he brushes aside the "allegation that South Africa is semi-Fascist," as this, says Mr. Sole, is a subject which cannot be covered in the space of a brief letter.

How true! Mr. Sole could write books and books about South Africa, and still not disprove that allegation. What answer is there to our colour-bar—the colour-bar that drives through every phase of South African life, that debars the mass of non-Europeans from doing skilled work and earning a decent living, that keeps the African coloured and Indian population in Johannesburg out of our public libraries, out of our theatres and cinemas and halls, out of our swimming baths? That forces them to live in segregated areas, far out of town and lacking civilised amenities (I have before me a municipal report to our Broadcasting Commission, which states that one reason why the radio is a rare object in non-European homes is because in Johannesburg municipal non-European townships, out of a population of 105,967, and of 16,812 houses, only 27—twenty-seven—have electricity) with the result that about 80,000 African workers of Johannesburg to-day are living in self-erected hessian shanties, under conditions which defy description? What answer to a colour-bar that breeds such fierce racial feelings that every day one witnesses acts of humiliation or assault by White people against Black? How defend a country that deprives the vast majority of its population of any democratic rights or direct representation, that countenances a system of pass laws that can have no counterpart anywhere in the world for restricting the legitimate movements of people, for persecuting them and turning them into criminals? (An average of 100,000 Africans are arrested in the Transvaal each year for contravention of the pass laws.)

Progress here, of which so many South Africans boast, has included the brutality used to smash the African mineworkers' strike last year, the persistent refusal to give statutory recognition to African Trade Unions, the introduction of the "Ghetto" Act, and the arrest of hundreds of Indians for defying this Act, the increase of blindness, disease, epidemics, and the growth of shantytowns as a permanent feature of our biggest cities, the rapid increase of soil erosion, particularly in the native reserves, and the increase of poverty and diseases resultant upon malnutrition in the native reserves.

But there is, as always, another side to the picture; and one which Mr. Sole could not know about. During the past few years there has been a growth of political understanding among the people, a strengthening of their national organisations, a move towards unity between the various non-European racial sections. There has been the fact that more than 100,000 of the most backward, multi-tribal workers struck for a week against all the might of the State, the brilliant and courageous fight of our small Indian community against the "Ghetto" Act, the small but increasing number of white South Africans who are prepared to take part actively in the fight against racialism.

HILDA WATTS,
Johannesburg. Councillor.

THE BUDGET AND THE SMOKER

SIR,—The severely regressive nature of the increased tax on tobacco can be seen by comparing the extent to which increased expenditure by the smoker is offset by the reduction in his income tax due to extra earned income and children's allowances.

Taking the increased tobacco tax and the reduced income tax together, a childless man who smokes twenty cigarettes a day will be better off than before the Budget only if his (earned) income exceeds £960 a year. For a man with one child the figure is £740 a year, and with two children £530 a year. In so far, therefore, as the Chancellor expects his tax to act as

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an incentive to reduce consumption, he has ensured that this incentive effect will operate, in most cases, on the man with an income of less than £10 to £20 a week.

This is a flagrant example of that rationing by class which all Socialists have always condemned, and which John Strachey attacked with particular effectiveness in his Dundee speech.

IAN MIKARDO

House of Commons.

THE CHIEF GLORY

SIR,—Your notes about the decision of the Government to cut down the paper quota for publishers, the publication of Rupert Brooke's undergraduate lecture, the scholarship for a young writer given by Mr. Somerset Maugham, and various essays by V. S. Pritchett, all draw attention to the very serious position of young writers. The point is not that, in England, young writers are starving but that they receive less and less encouragement for writing books. As every writer knows, literature is becoming more and more a profession in which one lives entirely from doing work on the margin of one's real work. To be a writer to-day is like having a little gold in a vault on the strength of which one is able to issue an inflated currency of broadcasts, journalism, lectures, etc., all of which gradually diminish the worth of one's gold.

It seems to me quite clear that the Government will and can do nothing. It is committed to a policy of subsidising official culture whilst cutting down the unofficial culture of creative literature, and the popular culture of foreign travel. As Somerset Maugham and a few other recent donors have shown, the only solution is for the older writers to realise that the crisis in literature is really serious and to show their willingness to subsidise (*a*) the books, (*b*) (far more important than their books) the reading, leisure and travel of young writers.

I suggest that the way in which the younger writers could be subsidised is if certain of the older writers, through the Authors' Society or some other union of writers, agreed to give a percentage of their royalties on their books (after these had sold a certain number of copies) into a fund for the purpose of giving scholarships to young writers, such as the one given by Mr. Somerset Maugham. For example, a writer might agree to give up 2½ per cent of his royalties after a book had sold 2,000 copies.

Only some committee of the writers themselves can decide who should receive these scholarships. No doubt many will be given to the wrong people and not given to some great genius. Nevertheless, there are certain young writers who have obvious literary gifts, and by helping these one would help to preserve the high average of contemporary creative literature. One can surely do something *now* to prevent a general lowering of standards which is against the interests of everyone who writes or cares for books.

This letter is written only to throw out a suggestion which others can develop. And to express my willingness to co-operate in such a scheme in the hope that other writers will follow my example.

STEPHEN SPENDER

SIR,—As an educational bookseller I read your article "The Chief Glory" with much appreciation and only one regret—that it was not entitled "The Government and Intellectual Improvement."

Regarded factually, the article is a much-needed indictment. In practice, the Government attitude towards education generally, and towards a higher standard in industrial, technical and professional education particularly, is anything but what it should be. On the contrary, it is simply asking those concerned, instructors and instructed alike, to make intellectual bricks without intellectual straw. Yet the Government does most certainly provide more than enough mud.

But do not imagine that all the orthodox publishers are silvery angels and, wittingly or unwittingly, are free from blame. Far from it! Under the present slip-shod methods many well-known firms have a lot to answer for. Among their chief offences these days are:—

(1) Leaving their customers without any idea as to when books binding or reprinting may be expected to be ready.

(2) Executing orders in such a manner that books may be picked up in one area and not in another.

(3) Professing to book orders that eventually reach one area and not another.

(4) Reporting books as reprinting that in due course arrive bearing the same date as the previous issue.

(5) Taking as long to bind part of an issue as others take to launch a complete reprint.

(6) Publishing almost monthly considerable quantities of books of little permanent value that cannot be undertaken without serious effects upon the production of books of more utilitarian value and already in serious short supply.

In short, to grade their bookings intelligibly, and according to the minimum time required to deliver, is the one thing only a very few of the publishers are inclined to do. Meantime both the instructors and the instructed who want their books do not know what to do, and thus in their spheres lose and waste a vast amount of valuable time and man-hours.

80 West Regent Street, Glasgow, C.2. ALEX N. FERGUSON

ILLUSION AND REALITY

SIR,—As a student of bourgeois intellectual folklore I should like to point out that in his muddled and somewhat unfair "critique" of Caudwell's "Illusion and Reality" (NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, April 12th, 1947) Mr. Spender beautifully illustrates many of Caudwell's point's on the bourgeois poet. Mr. Spender insists that literature can be completely criticised in terms of literature and seems to be enraged by Caudwell's awareness of the fact that human beings are associated animals, that culture is not a *biologically* but a *socially* transmitted trait, that you cannot deny the social conditioning of culture because in doing so you deny humanity itself. In his long "erudite" sulk on the occasion of the re-issue of Caudwell's great work, Mr. Spender neither attempts to give a fair summary of Caudwell's message, nor does he try any serious criticism of it. Instead of summarising the theoretical basis contained in Chapters I-III and VII-XII, he takes a few sufficiently "obnoxiously Marxian" quotations to jeer at them.

Mr. Spender would like to see poetry as created by that most "solitary" individual, the poet, in the isolated sanctuary of his "pure Art." He does not even attempt to answer Caudwell's statement that the lyric poet "is exhibiting the paradox of art—man withdrawing from his fellows into the world of art, only to enter more closely into communion with humanity. Once made fluid, this collective emotion of poetic art can pervade the most individual and private transactions. Sexual love, spring, a sunset, the song of a nightingale, and the ancient freshness of the rose are enriched by all the complex history of emotion and experience *shared in common by a thousand generations*. None of these reactions is *instinctive*, therefore none is *personal*. To the monkey, or the man reared like Mowgli by a wolfish foster-mother, the rose would be something perhaps edible, a bright colour. To the poet, it is the rose of Keats, of Anacreon, of Hafiz, of Ovid and of Jules Laforge. For this *world of art is the world of social emotion*—of words and images which have gathered, as a result of the life experience of all, *emotional associations common to all*." (My italics.)

This is the Caudwell who, according to Mr. Spender, suffers from "disastrous opinionatedness which is surely one of the maladies of our time." According to Mr. Spender, "non-primitive" poetry is not popular because "most people in any civilisation . . . do not wish to interest themselves in serious things" (but at the same time they seem to be disastrously opinionated). He does not see that the isolated bourgeois poets are not read by the masses because their poetry expresses emotional associations

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not common to all, but to the ever-shrinking groups of "beautiful souls."

Mr. Spender complains that the "poet driven out of his bourgeois ivory tower, is being chased through communal corridors and offices into a new kind of isolation amidst the machinery and slogans of the collective international world." Obviously Mr. Spender prefers the bourgeois ivory tower of the "private" poet, with the correlated catch-as-catch-can private enterprise and narrow nationalism, to "communal corridors," to the collective international world. But if the ivory towers have changed into "leaning towers," it is not Caudwell's fault. He only explained this event and tried to unblock the wells of poetic creation by showing that the world of art is the world of social emotion. But Mr. Spender who has been lately quite profitably "chased through communal corridors" in Germany, does not want to see the cure. He, too, seems to "prefer the disease to the cure."

G. PÁLÓCZI-HORVÁTH

M.I.5

SIR,—Mr. Comfort is right to draw attention to the Special Branch (or Secret Police, as we call this kind of thing when curtain-lecturing foreign governments about democracy).

When political and economic power were synonymous, Socialists regarded police interference and persecution, however tiresome, as a compliment. Now that we have political power, and the same business of intercepting letters, eavesdropping on 'phone conversations, tipping-off employers, etc., continues, we expect retaliatory action.

Are our leaders unable or unwilling to carry out the necessary reforms? Evidence placed before the Home Secretary is evaded. The assurance of the Commissioner of Police that such activities are conducted "in the normal course of their duties" is accepted.

Mr. Comfort doubts if "Stalinists" are now subjected to these indignities. My crime, for which I still receive their attentions, is that nine years ago I was a member of the C.P. I realise that we are their living; that dossierkeepers, like shopkeepers, hate to lose a customer, but I am getting tired of playing ball with flat-footed morons. After all, there are plenty of murderers, gangsters, black marketeers and smugglers waiting to be caught, without using policemen as the unpaid Pinkertons of British Capitalism.

The Special Branch is the first organisation to tackle because it is more readily responsive to democratic pressure. Admittedly, its more sinister activities would then be transferred to the less accessible M.I.5, over which Mr. Bellenger doubts if he has any authority, and no doubt a probe of M.I.5 would only succeed in driving the whole bag of tricks underground; but the attempt must be made, and it is Labour's responsibility to make it. If we must have a Secret Police it should be composed of socially responsible men and women owing allegiance to the Government and the people, and not to a class.

ANOTHER VICTIM

BULGARIAN CURRENCY

SIR,—Your readers will recollect the indignation which was displayed in the press a month ago at the alleged "inexplicable behaviour" and "gross discourtesy" (the quoted expressions come from the usually restrained *Times*) shown by the Bulgarian authorities towards the foreign missions in Sofia on the occasion of their calling in of their existing note issue.

For the benefit of those readers whose reading of Hansard does not take them as far as the Written Answers, may I draw attention to a revealing reply given by Mr. McNeil on April 2nd to questions by Mr. Pritt as to the amounts of Bulgarian currency drawn by the British mission and the rate at which they were sold to persons in Bulgaria. (To save your space I quote only the relevant part of the answer).

"The Office of the British Political Representative has supplied non-official British subjects visiting or passing through Bulgaria with local currency since September 15th, 1945. . . . As regards the rate at which currency was supplied, I should point out that no official rate exists in the sense of one agreed between His Majesty's Government and the Bulgarian Government. The rate of 3,000 leva to the £ corresponds in our view more closely to the true value of the leva than the rate at present quoted by the National Bank of Bulgaria, and is not inflationary. While the Bulgarian Government has never been officially informed of the rate used by the Office of the British Political Representative, that Government was certainly aware of it, since consular fees were based on this rate."

It should be added that the official rate is 1,000 to the £. In fact, the Foreign Under-Secretary admits that the British Mission runs a "British official" black-market rate of its own, at three times the Bulgarian National Bank Rate. And apparently it is the attitude of the Foreign Office that, pending an official rate for a foreign currency, the British Missions are entitled to fix whatever rate they deem fit. One would think that negotiations rather than official black-marketeering would have been a more proper course, and one can no longer wonder at the "inexplicable behaviour" of the Bulgarians.

EDMUND PENNING-ROWSELL

DARTMOOR OR LEYHILL?

SIR,—No one has left his mark more firmly and clearly on English and Colonial prisons and Borstals than Sir Alexander Paterson. The open camp, the appeal for self-discipline in response to trust and responsibility are his sign manual, and while his brain and heart teemed with ideas, plans, experiments in prison reform, he was also a superb Public Relations Officer for the Prison Commission long before public relations officers were invented.

We write on behalf of the Howard League which does not always see eye to eye with authority, which speaks without the inside knowledge of future plans and without the responsibility for action which rests on the shoulders of the Patersons of the future. But the League has worked and is working to produce a public opinion which will back up Leyhill against Dartmoor, probation against unnecessary imprisonment, psychological observation and treatment against rough-and-ready sentences, the humanities against repression and cruelty.

Your readers, Sir, are on our side, the side of Leyhill. They expect the Howard League to exist, to act, to stir up interest in penal reform in the press, in Parliament, in the mind of the citizen, to help to finance experimental reforms as when we provided the funds for the first prison earnings, for Wormwood Scrubs wireless installations, for correspondence courses for prisoners. They ask us for information when they are debating capital punishment or making a speech on the causes of crime. They rightly expect to borrow books from our library when they are writing these. They ask us to send speakers to their club meetings. They ask us to stand up for the individual prisoner whose wrongs have stirred them.

All these things and a lot more we try to do—*on a full-time staff of one and an income of less than £1,000 a year.* We should like to ask every one of your readers to consider what he or she proposes to do to back Leyhill against Dartmoor. It may be by prison visiting or other practical work for prisoners or ex-prisoners. It may be by joining the prison or Borstal or probation service. For most it will not be anything so absorbing and demanding. We would ask them to join the Howard League, subscribe regularly, keep themselves abreast of prison news. We shall exploit to the full any gifts they may possess and offer us for study, writing, speaking. We hope that the gifts—in money or in kind—will be many.

GEO. BENSON,
Chairman.

Parliament Mansions,
London, S.W.1.

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BOOKS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. PRITCHETT'S review of Rupert Brooke's prophetic lecture on *Democracy and the Artist* brought far more letters to this journal than there was space to print. And now Mr. J. B. Priestley offers us another Fabian lecture on the same urgent theme, *The Arts Under Socialism* (Turnstile Press, 1s.). Being a director of this publishing company, I should not ordinarily feel justified in reviewing its products. I venture to make an exception for this pamphlet, because I am responsible for the pages of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that deal with the arts, and Mr. Priestley puts forward views to which I wish to give the strongest editorial support. At the same time I shall be careful to emphasise the points of detail upon which I differ from him.

He attacks the subject with all the liveliness and good sense that his admirers would expect from him. "The creation and appreciation of the arts," he declares, "is one of the ends towards which the Socialist State is the means. . . . Never did men need the artist more than they do to-day." At the same time the unearned incomes, on which a high proportion of good artists have been directly or indirectly dependent, have dwindled and are threatened with extinction.

> What is the use of spending hundreds of thousands of pounds every year teaching children that Shakespeare is a great dramatist, if every playhouse accessible to those children and their parents is completely controlled by men who are determined to present nothing but leg shows and stupid farces? Why have art teachers if real painters are nearly starving? Why teach music and then offer conductors and symphonic players not a glimpse of security? Why have elaborate courses, at the public expense, on English literature, and yet allow some of the best contemporary books to be out of print for want of paper and binding?

Is the State, then, to become the employer of the artist? If it did, Mr. Priestley maintains, it would begin to dictate what kind of art they must produce, and "no central committee of any party, though its members plan and toil for the people night after night until their eyes are bloodshot, is fit to tell artists what they should do and how they should do it."

How, then, is the artist to be kept alive? To begin with, there is no such person as "*the* artist." Mr. Priestley is careful to point out that some artists can combine their vocations with other jobs—one remembers Matthew Arnold, Mallarmé and Trollope, though it seems to me hideous that the first two of these, at any rate, should have been thus obliged to dissipate their energy. To-day a number of our best writers are working for publishers, for periodicals, for the B.B.C., working very well but, again, how wastefully! Unexacting half-time posts are very, very rare. Some of the best artists, moreover, are gifted only for their art: even if they obtained a secondary job, they could not hold it.

> These are not men with a hobby but with a solemn vocation, a blazing mission. Now, bring your Socialist State, which, we will say, takes from one of them his private income, another of them his one wealthy eccentric patron, and the other the sinecure he was lucky enough to obtain, and where are they? And how do they live while nobody wants what they are doing? And if we reply that we don't know and have more important things to bother about, then we may be creating a society that has said good-bye to any further great achievements and developments in these arts, that may smother its dreary citizens in a mush of mediocrity, that can produce and cherish everything but the beacon blaze of genius, that is losing the leaven from the bread.

Admirably said; yet at this point I find my chief point of disagreement with Mr. Priestley. He appears to imply that such specially difficult cases are found only among painters and composers.

> There seems to have been a great deal of confusion, which has addled the minds of many critics, between the popular and mixed arts, like that of the novelist and the dramatist, and the pure and highly technical arts of the musician or the painter. I will separate them at once by declaring that I know no instance of a great novelist or dramatist who was not reasonably popular and whose work was not fairly well understood and appreciated in his lifetime; whereas with the highly original composer or painter, who may have had to create the very tradition by which his work can be understood or appreciated, who may have demanded that the listener or spectator should unlearn one set of technical values while learning another quite new set, there may be a sad timelag, and he may go to his grave long before he could collect an audience large enough to supply him with the bare necessities of life.

The weight of evidence, I suggest, is against any such distinction between the arts. It has been much more exceptional, I think, for a great musician not to be appreciated in his lifetime than for a great writer. The novels of Stendhal, of Flaubert, of Melville, of the mature Henry James, did not obtain sales large enough to supply a livelihood. I believe that Virginia Woolf and Mr. E. M. Forster were well over forty before their novels gained a sizable audience. And what about poetry? I do not know whether Mr. Priestley considers this a "popular" or a "pure" art; he does not so much as mention it. (Nor does he mention architecture, though the architect who is an artist as opposed to a mere practitioner has now almost no opportunities.) The poet is, of all artists, the least likely to earn his living. Even Tennyson, who later earned a fortune, depended for years upon a Civil List pension. And I should be surprised if there were an English poet alive who could keep himself on the sale of his poetry. To earn their bread and butter almost all our poets now have to write prose; and this is one reason, I suspect, for the weakness of contemporary verse. A high proportion of our greatest poets in the past made verse-writing a whole-time job, able to do so because they had some unearned income. I suggest, therefore, that among "our hardest problems" must be included novelists, poets and architects, no less than painters, sculptors and musicians.

Justly alarmed as Mr. Priestley is by the possibility of the State dictating to the artist, he shows himself, as one would expect, fully alive to the relation between the artist and society.

> Leave the artist alone with his work—certainly; and make no effort, doomed to failure, at dictation. But I believe that if you make the artist feel that once again, after a long exile on the outer rim of society, he is back in the centre, secure in the real heart of the community, which looks to him for wonder and insight and glory, then artists of all kinds will find themselves naturally tending to bring their own work into line with the broad aims and various adventures of the community. He will do what the politician or the educator or the sociologist would like him to do, not because he has been told to do it that way, but because he has found his inspiration at the same source. . . . A great deal of the art of our time, in spite of its superb technical equipment, has suffered because the artist has assumed that a kind of exile from the broad community is his natural lot. . . . Thus many of these artists, men of undoubted genius, have been driven more and more, further and further, into the dark recesses of their own being, from which they have brought us only elaborately detailed reports of their own doubts and torments. This is particularly seen in what should be the popular and universally accepted art of the novel, in which contemporary men of genius, men like Proust, Joyce, Gide, Mann, are admired by the comparative few for their great gifts and completely unread and misunderstood by the many, who can still read and enjoy Tolstoy and Balzac and Dickens.

It is possible that Mr. Priestley here oversimplifies. Why "should" the novel be *only* a popular art? What has happened is that the functions of the novel have been greatly broadened: it now is used—and why not?—by men who in earlier ages would have expressed themselves in the less "popular" form of the poem, the tragedy, the essay, or even the sermon. (*Ulysses*, I suggest, can be more usefully compared with De Quincey's *Fantasies* or *The Anatomy of Melancholy* than with the novels of Tolstoy, Balzac or Dickens.) Moreover, if so many of the best novelists, poets, painters and musicians now offer us only work that is difficult to approach, may not this be largely due to the specialisation inseparable from a society so highly evolved as ours? Our natural science has become no less esoteric than our art: whereas an educated Victorian could follow the arguments of Lyell and Darwin, only experts can tackle the works of the great modern scientists.

Again, while it is lamentably true that the artist now feels himself an exile from the community, more so perhaps than ever before, the cause of this is not, I think, mainly political. Is not the whole tendency of all current civilisations hostile to the arts? The prodigious progress in the applied sciences affords a vast new competing field for the satisfaction of many of the needs once supplied by the arts. The machine replaces the craftsman, the boy who would have carved wood tinkers with a motor-bicycle, the girl who would have sung madrigals listens to the wireless or the gramophone. And simultaneously a technique has been perfected for exciting emotion through bad art (which is not really art at all). While American films and dance-music are the most signal examples of this, I see no evidence for supposing that it is a disease peculiar to capitalist countries.

Congenitally more pessimistic, I suspect, than Mr. Priestley, I find myself, for such reasons as these, more sceptical than he is about the possibility of the great public in this country becoming "as excited about poetic tragedies and string quartets as they are about Test Matches." At the same time he seems to me entirely justified in maintaining that there is more knowledge and appreciation of the arts today than there was thirty or fifty or a hundred years ago. The spread of education, of leisure, of tolerable housing, has multiplied the number of persons in this country to whom the arts are available. Public libraries, the B.B.C., and recently the Arts Council have helped to meet the needs of this splendidly enlarged audience. One must insist, however, that it is the size of the élite that has increased, not the gulf between the élite and the great public that has diminished. The majority—even of the expensively educated—care precious little about any art; and the implications of this fact must be faced by all of us who think democracy the best form of government. In the fuel crisis, the Third Programme was the first form of recreation to be strangled.

The present situation is paradoxical. Artists lack a livelihood, because of just those economic changes which have increased both the size of their audience and the number of those trained to practise an art. What is to be done?

> Though the State itself should be a generous patron of artists of many kinds, I do not believe that it should maintain its artists so long as they are able to work and keep themselves. All that the State should do is to create the conditions most favourable for the self-maintenance of artists.

Starting from this sound principle, Mr. Priestley prints with his lecture a postscript on "What the Government should do for the arts here and now." This includes such important and practical proposals as the constitution of a National Theatre authority to receive—and to spend upon the Theatre—most of the Entertainment Tax; the control of *existing* buildings (*e.g.*, no concert-halls or theatres to be turned into dance-halls or cinemas); the provision of adequate grants to museums of art; the raising of the scale of Civil List pensions to meet the increased cost of living; the concession of a far higher priority to book publishing, which is to be treated not as a luxury but as a necessity. I should add a plea, following Mr. Dulac's letter in this journal last week, for a more equitable application of Income Tax to artists. Another good suggestion, made by Mr. Pritchett, is a small royalty on all books and plays—and, I would add, music—that are out of copyright, the proceeds to be applied to the encouragement of living writers and musicians.

I agree absolutely with what Mr. Priestley says against the committee of any *Party* as a controlling force; I should similarly deplore the entrusting of patronage to any committee of Civil Servants. There are, however, more promising

possibilities. Even bodies like the War Artists' Commission and the planners of the Third Programme, which are not primarily concerned with assisting artists, have shown themselves highly enterprising in their patronage. The record of the Contemporary Art Society proves that a corporate body can escape from the principle of "Safety First." Though an aversion from "experimental" work fills history with cautionary instances, and still infects the great public, it is now seldom found among those most interested in the arts. The better critics, for instance, when confronted with anything novel, are almost too ready to give it the benefit of any doubt that may exist. I suggest not that a well-chosen Committee would inevitably recognise the merits of a contemporary Cézanne, but that it would be much more likely to do so than not. And I believe this to be no less true of the other arts than it is of painting. By entrusting its patronage to such committees (which must be kept small) the State could, with little danger of dictation, help artists through the critical period between the ages of twenty and, say, thirty-five.

The urgency and importance of Mr. Priestley's subject cannot be over-emphasised. Everyone who cares for any of the arts will want to read his exemplary pamphlet; and I wish that our politicians could be induced to act upon it.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

GANGSTER WORLD

Ciano's Diary, 1939-1943. Edited with an introduction by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. *Heinemann.* 21s.

IF Ciano had not been tricked by the Germans, betrayed by his master and father-in-law, and shot before the end of the war, he might have lived (as he tells us in the last entry of his diary written in his prison cell) to turn these daily notes into a book. It would have been a thousand pities. As they stand, his diary is perfect. Its authenticity is vouched for by Mr. Sumner Welles, who tells us in a Foreword that some extracts were shown to him by Ciano when he came to Europe on his peace mission early in 1940. They are also given a true certificate by Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, who describes in his able editorial introduction how they came to survive. They provide a precise and vivid "inside" picture of totalitarian Europe. It is a world that closely recalls one of those American gangster novels where the characters are all wolves, hyenas and jackals. The comparison is unfair to the animals since the gangsters, whether of Chicago or Italy or Germany, add to their bestial cruelty, cunning, greed and crawling servility, the very human qualities of vanity, sentimentality, jealousy and hypocrisy. It is only in the human jungle that we can find a figure like Göring crying because the King of Italy has not yet conferred on him the Order of the Annunziata. And wolves do not, as far as we know, pretend that they kill for the good of the sheep.

We have here a hierarchy of gangsters. Ciano is a success in this world. He has made his pile out of the Fascist revolution; he has married the Duce's daughter (who appears little in his diary), and has become Foreign Secretary early in his thirties. He is cautious, seeing the danger of a war between the great Powers in which Italy is bound to be the loser whichever side wins. He tries to dissuade the Duce from his greater follies, but never to the point of annoying him. He knows his place, and though, in his diary, he protests, he always does what he is told. If he had survived Mussolini, his diary could have been cooked for use in his trial as a war criminal into evidence that he was "anti-war." It is even possible that he had this in mind when he wrote it. But for that purpose he would have had to expunge many things, including the story of the Albanian *coup* for which he boasts of being peculiarly responsible. He was as keen on "loot"—a word frequently used in his diary—as the Duce himself, but as he was less elevated than his master, so he was less oblivious of realities.

Round this second-string gangster there sidle and pirouette a long stream of stage figures—Fascists who please him by gaoling another Fascist who has spoken ill of him; Fascists who want jobs or fear to lose them; Ribbentrop, delighted with the "applauding squad" arranged for him in Rome where everyone hates the Germans; Prime Ministers and diplomats from the Balkans who want to know when the hyenas are making a kill, so that they may be ready to steal new territory for their own countries; women with malicious tittle-tattle, and spies who want money to further the interests of Fascism abroad. Some light is thrown on recent Yugoslav controversy by the knowledge that Mussolini not only trained the Ustachi, but also paid regular sums of money to Maçek's party in Croatia.

But what of the top gangsters, Mussolini and Hitler? No dictator was ever stripped more naked than in Ciano's laconic notes. The Duce, admired, as Mr. Muggeridge recalls, by Churchill, Bernard Shaw and so many less worthy men, is here revealed as something more than vain, bombastic, cruel. He is also indecisive, purposeless, and incompetent. He reacts only to deeds of violence. But he cannot decide whether or not to fight. In the end he always does what Hitler tells him. In 1940 he plots to rouse the Italian public to hate the French, declaring that he will show Europe what a peace should be—no reparations, but cities flattened to the ground. His attitude to Hitler is similar to that of Ciano to himself, but even more humiliating.

The story is repeated a dozen times. The Führer sends for him. He complains that the Führer "rings for him like a servant." But he goes; he is humiliated that Hitler talks all the time and that he is not allowed to say a word, though he complains "in politics it is undeniable that I am more intelligent than Hitler"; he returns none the less elated with Hitler's assurances and the prospects of a joint kill, and then, within a few days, he learns that the Führer has lied to him, that he has been double-crossed again. He curses the Germans, a gangster tricked by a bigger gangster. In a few months the master rings again; the Duce obeys, ready once more to be flattered and duped for the sport of the heroes of Valhalla. Never once did the Nazis keep their word to their dearest ally. Ciano and Mussolini were in the dark about the attack on Poland, about the invasions of Norway and France and Russia—indeed about every one of Hitler's moves. Furious at being duped, Mussolini tries to compensate himself by sending the unhappy and reluctant and ill-equipped Italians on humiliating expeditions to Greece, North Africa and the Soviet Union. In every case they have to be rescued by the Germans. At one point, terrified that Hitler intends to take Trieste for himself, the Duce talks of withdrawing his men from the battlefields and concentrating them on the Alpine frontier against his ally. A sensible idea, says Ciano. But not one, of course, that is seriously entertained. The invariable defeat and capture of his armies (often with few casualties) enrages the Duce. No one has the courage or honesty to tell him that while he has been training his soldiers to do the goose-step, he has not provided them with guns or equipment. The War Lord seems to expect victory without the bare minimum of tanks and 'planes. When he can no longer ignore the obvious fact that his soldiers do not want to fight and prefer to surrender, he turns to vituperation of the Italian people. They are a race of sheep; they must be "beaten, beaten" into battle. They must be taught to be hard; for that reason he favours the afforestation of the Appenines because it will change the climate! For that reason he welcomes the slaughter of Italians when Naples is bombed; "the breed will harden; the war will make of the Neapolitans a Nordic race." He is glad when Italy's coffers are empty; when the blockade makes the bellies of Italians empty, they will begin to turn from a soft life. He is glad there is no coal from England. Italians must do without Christmas, a dirty Jewish excuse for eating and drinking; they can live on 200 grams of bread a day; they are corrupted by *bourgeois* habits. . . . If only he had known in his young days what he has since learnt about the rottenness of the bourgeoisie, he would have "launched a revolution so pitiless that, by comparison, the revoluton of Comrade Lenin would have been child's play." Defeat, humiliation . . . it is all the fault of the Italian character, softened through hundreds of years of happiness. Or is it the fault of the monarchy which thwarts him, or of the Vatican with which he will settle accounts when victory is his? So he raves on. No use telling him, Ciano remarks, that what the people want is bread. It would not interest him. And Buffarini, the chief of police, "paints a very, very dark picture of our internal situation: anti-Fascism is everywhere taking root threateningly, implacably, and silently. He is preparing a documented report, but does not dare show it to the Duce."

What a story here for the historian to tell and for us of this generation to weep over! Not a phrase about the millions destitute or killed, about a world of happiness and beauty destroyed. Not a phrase that makes any meaning to any sane person. War, because the gangsters wanted ribbons, and new towns added to their estates. It is a picture of War, as Voltaire painted it, crude, bestial, and pitiable beyond poetry or satire.

One incident which opens this volume of Ciano's diary, I witnessed as a spectator. I came from Barcelona, where Franco's guns could be already heard. I had listened to the lies told by British Conservative statesmen, who still strut in the British Parliament. They declared day by day that Franco's war was a civil war; they denied that it was Mussolini's war or that it was, as some of us already felt assured, the beginning of the World War. We refused the arms to which the Spanish Government were legally, let alone morally, entitled. Here, in these notes of Ciano, you have proof enough, if you still need it, that Franco was Mussolini's tool. I crossed to Rome, arriving in time to see Mr. Chamberlain arrive, dapper, solemn, carrying his umbrella. There were conferences and banquets. I watched all one long afternoon as the Duce and Mr. Chamberlain stood, side by side in the Forum, Mussolini applauding the children playing at soldiers and soldiers playing with guns. At the end Mr. Chamberlain saw some of us journalists. He said that he did not understand the reason for so much anxiety about Europe; the conferences had been very satisfactory. The only serious difficulty, he thought, was the Spanish war, but he hoped that that war would soon be settled. I still heard Franco's guns in my ears and feared that he might be right.

Ciano's comments on this visit of Mr. Chamberlain make interesting reading. They are spatchcocked in between the details of the pact-making between Germany and Italy, the future division of Europe and possibility of Japan as an ally in the war.

> Jan. 7: Prepared a moderate toast for the coming of Chamberlain; I do not believe the situation calls for or will permit the expenditure of many idle words . . . Von Ribbentrop has sent me the text of the Pact, as well as of the secret military conventions.
>
> Jan. 8: Except for a change in the preamble, the Duce approves the facts sent by Ribbentrop. The change was useful. In one paragraph "to meet the threat of Bolshevist dissolution" was mentioned as the aim of the Pact. In reality, where is this threat? And even if such a threat existed, if it is not aimed at our countries, why should we be concerned about it? We should not. Every possibility of dissolution and breakdown of other peoples' countries should be encouraged and assisted by us at the proper moment.
>
> Jan. 9: I gave him (Starace) those instructions: to keep quiet until Chamberlain, to whom must be accorded a not too enthusiastic welcome, leaves Rome; then, afterwards, steadily increasing propaganda against France . . .

The Duce has answered with a cordial letter to Franco, urging him to proceed with caution until the war is virtually ended, without accepting compromises or mediations of any kind.

Jan. 11: Arrival of Chamberlain. Essentially the visit was kept in a minor key, since both the Duce and myself are doubtful about its utility . . .

Jan. 12: Our conversations with the British have ended. Nothing was accomplished. I have telephoned von Ribbentrop that the visit was a fiasco ("big lemonade"), absolutely innocuous, and I thanked him for the attitude of the German press.

Jan. 14: Chamberlain's eyes filled with tears when the train started moving and his countrymen began singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." "What is this little song?" the Duce asked Grandi. Old Chamberlain is a pleasant fellow, and quite apart from any other consideration I can understand the cordial atmosphere which has grown up around him.

Mussolini indirectly inspired a violent editorial in *Il Tevere* entitled "Spitting on France!"

Jan. 24: I saw Lord Perth. I had previously communicated with him, before my departure, about French intervention in Spain. It caused alarm in London. They ask that we should do nothing before consulting the British Government. In principle I reassured Lord Perth. Excellent news from Spain. Troops are taking up positions in the suburbs of Barcelona . . .

Jan. 31: Lord Perth has submitted for our approval the outline which Chamberlain will make before the House of Commons in order that we may suggest changes, if necessary. The Duce approved it and commented: "I believe this is the first time that the head of the British Government has submitted to a foreign Government the outline of one of his speeches. It's a bad sign for them."

For once Mussolini was right.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEW NOVELS

States of Grace. By FRANCIS STEEGMULLER. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

Mistress Masham's Repose. By T. H. WHITE. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

The Adventures of Wesley Jackson. By WILLIAM SAROYAN. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

The Smacksmen. By GEORGE GOLDSMITH CARTER. *Constable.* 9s. 6d.

The Rumour in the Forest. By MADELEINE COUPPEY. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Except for *The Smacksmen*, which is a grim and realistic story, all these books have one quality in common; they are, in varying degrees, fantastic. Now I have nothing whatever against realism. I am not, however, in the mood for it at the moment, and if the reader also is feeling the necessity to get away from it all he will, I think, find any of the books on this list, with the one exception already noted, just the sort of thing for which he has been looking. I particularly recommend *States of Grace*, which is a genuinely funny book about American Catholics in Egypt. Mr. Steegmuller has a strongly developed sense of the comic, and his book contains, among other good things, a devastating portrait of that strange product of transatlantic civilisation—the American club-woman. It's the sort of novel which English writers, who used to do this kind of thing so well, no longer seem able to produce; and while, like all good satires, it is a bit irreverent, it is not likely, on this account, to offend anyone who has retained even a shred of his sense of humour. This is probably not a book of any permanent value; nevertheless, it is the perfect antidote to the bread-queue and that pile of unwashed crockery in the sink. Read it and laugh aloud (I did), and keep a note of this author; he seems to me worth watching.

Mistress Masham's Repose is a book in the true tradition of English literature, by which I mean that it owes a great deal to the past. A small girl living with a sadistic governess in a vast ruined palace discovers the descendants of the Lilliputians brought to England by Gulliver's Captain Biddle two hundred years ago. Their ancestors had escaped and settled on an overgrown island of which the main feature was a temple known as Mistress Masham's Repose. The actual story, which describes an attempt to capture the population and sell them to a circus, has a peculiarly macabre quality, and is at the same time riotously funny. I can best describe it as a sort of cross between a Gothic novel and *Erewhon* written from the point of view of Alice in Wonderland. In case this sounds unfair to Mr. White, let me add that this is a highly original piece of work. It might so easily have failed to achieve its effect; but it comes off almost completely. The story on the surface is not only amusing; despite its improbabilities, it is actually exciting and, like the work of those authors by whom Mr. White has so obviously been influenced, contains serious philosophical implications.

With Mr. Saroyan we leave, for the moment, the world of unreality. Wesley Jackson is a G.I., of the type one used to see propped up against the entrance to Marble Arch Underground Station during the war. I often used to wonder what (if anything) went on in the minds above those ruminating jaws, and this book goes a long way towards solving the mystery. Jackson has none of the qualities of, say, Field-Marshal Montgomery. He drinks and smokes, and does other things besides. Moreover, his army career is quite inglorious; he is, in fact, a bit of a waster. His marriage, if that is the right word for it, to an English girl is of a kind that would be recognised by neither the church nor the United States nor any other Government, being "solemnised" only by one of Jackson's fellow privates. It appears, however, that he is well supplied with cash, since the absence of the allowances to which he would otherwise be entitled does not prevent him from setting up home in an expensive flat in Pall Mall. Incidentally Jackson is an idealist, and when he comes to England is determined to find the perfect wife. English readers will be somewhat surprised to learn that he discovers her in the centre of Piccadilly during the blackout at the very moment when she is about to embark upon a career of what I believe was known during the war as "Yanking." This is a very sentimental book; but then Americans are sentimental, and particularly about this country. Nevertheless, my view is that Mr. Saroyan is the most considerable of modern American novelists, and his very personal gift for mixing the fantastic with the real, lifts this rather improbable tale above the commonplace; and while many of his descriptive passages are beautifully written, a man of Mr. Saroyan's sensitivity ought to realise that homosexuality is not a fit subject for comic derision. The brief episode dealing with this matter is not in good taste, and in any case is unnecessary to the development of the story.

A year or two ago Mr. George Goldsmith Carter wrote an extremely vivid first-hand account of the lightship service in wartime. He has now tried his hand at a novel, which seems to me more than promising. *The Smacksmen* is ostensibly about the lives of a group of fishermen living on the Suffolk coast, but the characters are only complementary to the sea, which is the real subject of this story. It is not at all my sort of book; nevertheless it is perhaps some indication of its worth that it held my interest right to the end and thus demanded to be included in this list. The conversations and thoughts of the fishermen are admirably contrived, natural, and completely convincing, but the few middle-class characters are unreal and out of drawing. Mr. Carter is a born storyteller. I am a little doubtful, however, if the novel is his right medium.

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to classify. *The Rumour in the Forest* is an allegory of extreme sensitivity, written by a young French girl whose poetry is apparently already highly regarded in her own country. It is concerned with freedom, renunciation and love; and while I am not sure that, after one reading, I have fully grasped all its implications, it is clear that it could have been written only by one who endured great mental suffering during the German occupation. The story, which is about a rabbit, a pigeon, a cat and a dog, all of whom, for various reasons decide to renounce their dependence on man, has a highly dramatic and indeed moving ending. I find it difficult adequately to suggest the quality of this enchanting tale, which has a flavour as elusive and subtle as the *fraises-du-bois* of Mlle Couppey's own land. The translation, by Marguerite Waldman, has been beautifully done.

JOHN MORRIS

COLONIES

On Governing Colonies. By W. R. CROCKER. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Crocker sets out deliberately to "debunk." He debunks British colonial policy and French colonial policy—though to the Belgians he is extraordinarily kind. He debunks African nationalists, "Modern Economic Developers," "lady-researchers" who think they know about the Colonies, white officials, educational methods, health services, British justice in Africa, everything he can prod his pen into. He believes only in the common sense of the man who, like himself, has traversed the length and breadth of Africa, and has also travelled "in Malaya, in the Dutch East Indies, in Formosa, in the Philippines, in the Pacific, in the West Indies, and in the Southern States of U.S.A." in addition to having been many years in the British Colonial Service. As one of those "lady-researchers" who reads the official documents which Mr. Crocker so despises, I feel I must be on my guard in reviewing this book. If I pointed to extraordinary gaps in the author's knowledge, to blatant contradictions in his own writing, to half-baked ideas springing from another century, I should be told that I had not seen as he has, "the herdsmen wandering over the Sahel and the Desert, the Mohammedan farmers and traders in the savannah; the fetishists growing yams and bananas . . . Christians and sorcerers; Secretariats and bush stations," and so what right had I to an opinion?

It is a pity that this book should give such an impression of arrogance, because there is a great deal of enormous interest in it. The comparisons in every chapter between British, French and Belgian methods are very well done—though the British usually come out worst and one cannot avoid the feeling that this is because the author knows most about them. And the general point of view is stimulating and challenging, even though by no means original. Mr. Crocker is bitterly sceptical of the glories of Western civilisation, and anxious about our imposing our ideas and values on Africans. He would rather go slowly, preserve what is good in African customs, build up their own institutions as best one can to adapt them to modern conditions without losing their roots in the people, and modify the education we bring to fit in with the whole native way of life. It is the duty of Britain, as the Trustee, to protect the African from the deterioration of modern urban environment "even though the protection runs counter to his immediate desires. It would be a subordination in order to achieve his fulfilment." And this can largely be done by rooting the African ever more closely to the soil, as a self-subsistent peasant farmer, and fighting tooth and nail against industrialisation.

The mirage of a Utopia of peasants unsullied by the evils of town life and the dangers of Western civilisation has floated before the eyes of many besides travellers in Africa. It is certainly an attractive vision. But even if it were economically possible (and there are many who would contest this fiercely), politically it is already too late. It is already too late to expect the African, or anyone else, to be subordinated by us "in order to achieve his fulfilment." The effects of Western civilisation—good and bad—have already penetrated everywhere. It seems to me that the only wise way left to us in governing Colonies, if we must govern them at all, is to bring the positive blessings of our science and culture wherever we can, to withhold as little as possible of what the most articulate of the colonial peoples demand, and to allow them the maximum play in shaping their own destinies.

I must enter one protest on a point of fact, before concluding. Complaining about lack of time given to Colonies in Parliament, Mr. Crocker says "except for occasional questions, only a couple of days a year are now given to them." In point of fact, since Labour took office until March, 1947, there were approximately 40 debates on different colonial questions in both Houses, and something like 1,500 Parliamentary questions had been asked. I am not happy about the handling of Colonies in Parliament myself, but, like Mr. Crocker, I enjoy debunking some current illusions.

RITA HINDEN

ICHABOD

A Distant Summer. By EDITH SAUNDERS. *Sampson Low.* 15s.

Bogged down in present bewilderment, with atomic quicksands yawning to swallow us, we may be allowed an envious glance over our shoulders at the *terra firma* of the past. Even the smug complacency of the Victorians now looks like a golden age: they may have been martyrs to nervous indigestion, but they were not hag-ridden by deplorable *Angst*. Miss Saunders could not have chosen a better moment to give nostalgic interest to her vivid picture of the Second Empire in its heyday. Her distant summer of 1855, when Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort stayed nine days in Paris as guests of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, rises out of the past like the glittering transformation-scene of a pantomime. Prosperity was the order of the day; Science was nothing but a blessing to mankind; royalty were firmly seated on their thrones; the poor actually enjoyed the spectacle of the rich. Even the war (for the Crimean War was still in full swing) was a bond of union between England and France; and was largely confined to professional soldiers, whose business it is to get killed. Indeed, the French nation in 1855 was far more preoccupied with the outcome of the Empress Eugénie's pregnancy than with the fate of Sebastopol.

Miss Saunders has delved into the most diverse authorities for her account of the royal visit, but she relies mainly on Queen Victoria's Diary and reporters' descriptions taken from old newspaper files. The course of the nine days' festivities is narrated in almost hourly detail: the arrival under a triumphal arch (75 feet high with a statue of "the Genius of Civilisation" on top); the processions through Paris; the visits to the International Exhibition of Industry and the Louvre; the homage paid at the tomb of the great Napoleon; the dinners, the balls, the theatres and the sight-seeing; winding up with the farewell review of 50,000 troops on the beach at Boulogne.

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of Michelet, believing that human progress is not a continuous straight line, but a spiral. And one of the highest peaks yet achieved by the spiral she places apparently in the summer of 1855. Since that date civilisation has been going downhill under the weight of militarism. For this she holds Napoleon I and Bismarck jointly responsible—Napoleon, as founder of a national belief in the glory of war; Bismarck, as the man whose diabolical success justified the belief. "Some evil genius seemed to preside over the fête," she remarks, when Bismarck appeared at the great ball at Versailles; and she calls it "the irony of fate" that Bismarck wore a white uniform and the Prince Consort was dressed in black. For the Prince Consort figures in these pages as an indefatigable worker on the side of the angels. "It is our grievous loss that the good Prince could not spare himself, that he wore himself out while still a young man. Had he lived he might well have saved Europe from Bismarck." As he did not, "we, like the fools of the piece, are left among the ruins and desolation of Europe."

The publication of this book has evidently been a labour of love. The handsome volume, with its tall pages, solid paper, bold, well-spaced type and generous margins, upholds the standards of a bygone age; and the period flavour is enhanced by the lavish illustrations borrowed from old pages of the *Illustrated London News*. Miss Saunders might take some small comfort from the thought that as long as books like this are produced the glories of civilisation are not utterly departed.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

A FUTURE FOR EUROPE?

Britain: Pawn or Power? By WALTER PADLEY. *Gollancz.* 6s.

Mr. Padley has modestly abandoned the pseudonym of Marcus Aurelius. To what tune, he now asks, must Europe dance? Now that two wars and the quieter working of economic trends have dethroned the historic nations of Europe from world leadership, it seems that only two world Powers can call tunes, and of those only one, the United States, can pay pipers. Must we all choose between Russia and America, or is there a third way? Mr. Padley, like most of the ordinary people of Central and Western Europe, wants to combine personal liberty with social justice and an organised economy. He wants neither Stalinism nor individualist capitalism, and seeks to show that a third way—"thoroughgoing democratic Socialism in a united Europe"—does exist, that it has a direct and legitimate Socialist descent, a distinct moral basis, and the preconditions of economic practicability.

Over-simplified though his thesis may seem—loosely and incompletely argued though it certainly is—it has reality for Europeans to-day, and in an immediate sense for the British electorate. There is little doubt, to my mind, that the average Englishman has turned his back firmly on Tory economics, and it will take more than a winter fuel crisis to shake him. About his addiction to his personal liberties there is even less doubt. The strongest natural allies for his attitude are in Europe. But is a workable, independent European group, neither pro-Soviet nor anti-Soviet, politically possible?

It is all very well to "propose" a united Europe—but it is lack of unity that has reduced Europe to a huddle of hangers-on. It is not, of course, a problem which Britain, even if she saw it clearly, could solve alone. Mr. Padley is right to stress the necessity for longer-sighted foreign policies and to direct attention particularly to Germany and the evil consequences of the Potsdam attitude. Union will not be found by banding together to destroy German economy, nor will it be found in international competition for the coal of the Ruhr. But Britain has failed so far to offer her neighbours any other practical courses; her own inability to supply them with the basic products they need, and, above all, to help them with coal, is a grave disqualification for the leadership of any European group in the next few years. *Britain: Pawn or Power?* is hasty and sketchy, and does not begin to say how its idea can be translated into fact. But it is, basically, good sense.

JOHN MIDGLEY

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No. 896

Competition Set by Saint-Loup

The Bishop of Worcester in the *Times* of April 23rd declares that "both 'Dornakal' and 'Azariah' have become household words in this country." Competitors are invited to write an eight line epigram in verse on the general human belief that what deeply interests oneself must be no less familiar and important to everyone else. Entries by May 6th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 893

Set by W. R.

Six guineas are offered for part of a dialogue upon Olympus between the wanton gods about the torments they intend to inflict upon this country during the summer. Limit 200 words.

Report by W. R.

Cheerful suggestions include drought, sunlessness, thunderbolts, earthquakes, tidal waves, the diversion of the Gulf Stream, ergot, smut, sterility of cattle and hens. I liked the notion of a frantic *wanderlust* overcoming the entire population, also of Aphrodite driving us all distracted with love. John A. Crook's Greek hexameters were much better than his ideas; John Thornton, Harry Broadbent, were original. I recommend a guinea each to R. J. P. Hewison, C. F. Rathbone, Joyce Johnson, L. E. J., M. R. Dunnett (please send address), and Terence Melican.

Zeus: Well, children, we meet to devise further discomforts for the hapless Britons. But first let us make ourselves comfortable. Aphrodite, my dear, a crater of wine? Hera, let Hebe bring you another cloud for your rheumatic shoulder.

Hera: Tcha!

Aphrodite: Have they not endured enough?

Hera: No! For once, Thunderer, I agree with you. Did this madam have her way, they and their herds and crops would increase and prosper instead of paying the penalty for being what they are. Let the Cyprian be inhibited from practice for a year, say I.

Zeus: So be it. Now, Phoebus. . . .

Apollo: I shall of course, by arrangement with you, squander or withhold my rays when the opposite is required.

Zeus: Yes, I'll have no one stint my rain or steal my thunder. . . .

Apollo: . . . but further I shall misguide their prophets and put false oracles in their great men's mouths.

Ares: And I shall cause a great war. . . .

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Athena : Ares, you were always crude and bloody-minded. That would exterminate too many too soon. You must be content with the several promising little conflicts you have on hand already. Now *I* propose to confound all their counting and reckoning.

Zeus : What do you intend doing, Wine-giver?

Bacchus : Nothing. That will be quite enough.

R. J. P. HEWISON

And the grey-eyed Athene spake thus: "Father Zeus, the foolish islanders now say that the floods and the famine have naught to do with us, but are the fault of the Labour Government. Show them, then, the mighty power of thine arm."

Then said Hermes: "They feel sometimes the presence of something outside themselves which they call Luck. Let us strike at them through this."

And Artemis of the silver bow replied: "Wise words have escaped the barrier of thy lips. Send me, Father Cronides, and I will cripple the favourites for the Derby and the Oaks on the mornings of their races."

"And I," said the Argus-Slayer, "will cause the electric hare to stop so that their greyhound contests will be called No Race."

And Father Zeus nodded, and commanded furthermore that men should be caused to leave winning Football Coupons unposted in their pockets, and that telephones should go dead when punters were about to back snips for the two-thirty.

"Now," said Hera, "will the sweet savour of hecatombs of black-market oxen ascend to us from the bookmakers, and there will be shortage of meat throughout the land."

C. F. RATHBONE

Jove : This red snow, Vulcan, shows a pretty wit
And sets a taste for something rich and strange.
Stop thunderbolt production for a bit,
And let's think up new torments for a change.

Mercury : I could disturb the wavelengths in my flight,
And thus proceed (the aim is laudable)
To wreck the Home, and then put out the Light,
And make the highbrow Third inaudible.

Phoebus : I'll follow up this Flood and Freezing Cold
With Drought and Heat—a nice ironic touch!

Bacchus : Because of late they've sacrificed much gold,
I'd not afflict my devotees too much.
But rationed water! Make the Band of Hope
Adhere to opening and closing time!

Juno : For washing, too, no water, nor much soap,
Till everyone will reek of sweat and grime,
And if some walk abroad in dazzling white,
Black markets will have had their £. s. d.

Neptune : I'll wait until their exports reach a height,
Then sink them to the bottom of the sea.

Jove : That ought to finish off this race of men,
So after Ceres has her gifts bestowed. . . .

Ceres : My harvest, Jove, will be the last straw.

Jove : . . . Then
Send word to Atlas he can shed the load.

JOYCE JOHNSON

Jupiter Pluvius : Just go on raining, I think. It has always been Our policy to hit a man when he's down.

Mercury : But then I must be down, too. Frankly, I'm tired of it.

Apollo : Besides, aren't they at saturation point? No good inducing insensibility. Now if I were to blaze for six months and produce a record drought. . . .

Demeter : And spoil my Enna figures? Thank you, Phoebus!

Venus : You know I can't work in great heat.

Apollo : *Tant mieux!* They'll miss you.

Venus : The British? Not them!

Bacchus : Won't they enjoy the Bank-holidays?

Apollo : Aeolus can loose Eurus. He and the dust could do a lot.

Jupiter Tonans : I could take a hand there. Strictly local, of course.

Mercury : What about cricket?

Apollo : I forgot cricket.

Mars : You don't understand the British. They're weatherproof. Now if you'd let me send Rumor. . . .

Jupiter : My dear god, they're rumour-proof nowadays.

Minerva : You're all wrong. Give them a perfect summer. They'll soon find out that with bad transport, little food, no accommodation, vast crowds, they can't enjoy it. With no weather to blame, they'll take to blaming each other, and be thoroughly miserable.

Jupiter : Minerva, you're wonderful! L. E. J.

Rhea :

As I sat by the Milky Way, plucking my goose and dropping feathers and entrails on to Earth (my refuse dump), I heard my dear children talking in the Heavenly Meadows as they mended their butterfly nets.

"I hate dead butterflies," said gentle Hera. "Why not clip their wings and keep them captive?"

"And feed them on what?" asked sullen Pluto.

"Oh, anything: threats, promises, plagues."

"They're better dead," growled Pluto. (And so think I.)

My grandson Cupid joined them:

"See what I 'dot'," the love-child lisped.

"Cupid's butterflies are only bluebottles," laughed Dionysus. "But *I* mean to catch Patience, the moth, to-night and by to-morrow I shall have Faith, Hope and Charity."

"Well, show Aunty what you've got," said Diana.

A naughty smile curved the bow of Cupid's lips. He opened his chubby fists. There lay the heavenly butterfly of purest white—her crystal wings all crushed.

The children crowded round him: "It's Chastity!" they cried.

(Poor Diana fainted.)

But Dionysus, the bully, seized Cupid by the wing: "You've crushed her," he roared, "she's spoiled. Still, I'll take her; she's rare. You shall have Mercy as a swap—if I can catch her, but she's almost extinct. . . ."

M. R. DUNNETT

Jupiter : ". . . By July, I should think, they'll be driven to drink and I'm sure you'll agree there's no doubt
That then is the time, in our manner sublime, to begin an invincible drought.
My plan now is vague, but I think that a plague would help things along very nicely.
And I leave one of you who's had nothing to do to say what it shall be, precisely."

Venus : "This part I shall claim as my share in the game; before 'neath our torments they vanish
We'll put, I suggest, their endurance to test with some sort of fly—perhaps Spanish. . . ."

Mars : "I'll thunder."

Vulcan : "I'll lightning."

(Together) : "We'll both be quite fright'ning with storms when no cloud's in the sky,
And all that shall rain on the mountain and plain will be dust which is perfectly dry."

Mercury : "You must leave me some scope for a message—of hope. . . . I'll appear like a cloud on the ocean,
But the land I'll leave free, and then *rain on the sea*. . . .
What a perfectly elegant notion!"

Jupiter : "Athena, you'll lend us ideas? . . . It's tremendous! There'll be cracks in the ground as it hardens
Through which people will fall; and I doubt not at all that an earthquake will shatter Kew Gardens. . . ."

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Appointments Vacant

UNIV. College of S. Wales and Monmouthshire, Coleg Prifathrofaol Dehcudlr Cymru a Mynwy. The College invites applics. for the following Chairs, viz.: Mining, Industrial Relations. Salary in each case £1,450 p.a. Twelve copies of applications and testimonials (which need not be printed), must be recd. by Louis S. Thomas, Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff (from whom further particulars may be obtained), by May 15.

UNIV. College, Nottingham. Institute of Education. Applics. invited for post of Director of recently established Institute of Education. Salary £1,200 p.a. Candidates must be Hons. graduates and must have had relevant teaching exp. Some admin. exp. will be an advantage. Appointment is open equally to men and women. Full conditions and applic. form from H. Pickbourne, Registrar.

UNIV. of London. School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London, W.C.1. The Council of the School invites applics. for Asst. Lectureships (on £400 p.a.) or Lectureships (on £500 p.a.) according to qualifics. in foll. subjects: Bulgarian Language and Literature; Czechoslovak Language and Literature; Hungarian Language and Literature; Yugoslav Language and Literature; Russian Language; History of the Danubian Lands. Applics. (1 copy, naming 2 refs.) to Director of the School as above by May 17, 1947.

UNIVERSITY College, London, will shortly appoint an Assistant Lecturer (Grade III) in the Department of Philosophy, duties to comm. October 1, 1947. Salary £400-£500, according to qualifics. and exp. Applics., to be received by June 1, to Secretary, University College, London, Gower St. W.C.1 (from whom further partics. may be obtained).

CIVIL Service Commissioners announce a vacancy for Assistant Director of Examinations in their Department. Both men and women are eligible. Age 24-30 on May 1, 1947, but candidates with exceptional qualifics. between 30/40 on that date may be considered. Qualifics., First Class Hons. Degree in History and pref. qualifics. in English. Teaching exp. will be taken into account and examining exp. will be an advantage. Duties connected with setting examination papers, valuing candidates' work, preparation of syllabuses, interview boards, and contact with educational bodies. Salary £380-£1,100 (men)—slightly lower for women. Applic. Form and full details of salary, etc., from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, W.1, quoting No. 1831.

ADMIN. County of London. L.C.C. invite applics. for appointment of Director of Establishments in department of the Clerk of the Council, at a salary of £1,800-£100-£2,000 p.a. Successful candidate will be reqd. to advise the Clerk of the Council on organisation, management, conditions of service and welfare of staff in all departments, including methods of recruitment, promotion and training. Applicants should have had a wide exp. in the organisation and management of staff, and of matters relating to working conditions and welfare. No age limit. Person appointed will be subject to Council's Superann. and Provident Fund Scheme. Forms of applic. (stamped add. foolscap env. nec.) obtainable from the Clerk of the Council (K), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, must be returned by June 14, 1947. Canvassing disqualifies. (994.)

METROPOLITAN Borough of Finsbury. Applics. invited from regd. medical practitioners (Male or Female) for appointment of Assistant Medical Officer of Health, whose duties will be mainly in connection with maternity and child welfare work in the Borough. Comm. salary will be £800-£850 p.a. (according to qualifics. and exp.) and will rise by biennial increments of £50 to a max. of £900. Cost of living bonus will be paid in addition. Candidates should have not less than three years' exp. of their profession, together with special exp. in maternity and child welfare work. Pref. given to applicants holding Diploma in Public Health. Person appointed will be reqd. to devote whole of his time to the duties of the office, and to act under admin. control and supervision of Medical Officer of Health. Successful applicant will be reqd. to pass medical exam and to contribute to the Council's Superann. Fund. Applics., upon forms to be obtained upon personal application, or by sending a stamped add. foolscap env., must be completed and returned, accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, not later than 21 days after publication of this advertisement. Canvassing in any form will disqualify. John E. Fishwick, Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (Univ. of London). Applics. invited for appointment to a Lectureship or Assistant Lectureship in Colonial Administration. Salary £500 p.a., rising to £850, or £400 p.a., rising to £500, according to exp. and qualifics., with superann. benefits and family allowances. Special knowledge of South-East Asia an advantage. Applics., with names of three refs., should be forwarded immediately to Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St. Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further information may be obtained.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (Univ. of London). Applics. invited from men and women candidates for appointment to Assistant Lectureship in Social Science. Salary £400 p.a., rising to £500. Applics., which should be accompanied by names of three refs., should be forwarded by May 1, 1947, to Secy., London School of Economics, Houghton St. Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further information may be obtained.

SUSSEX. Senior Matron reqd. for next term in recog. boarding school of 60. Girls 4 to 11, boys 4 to 8. 5 Junior Matrons kept. Good holidays and off duty. Box 6324.

Appointments Vacant—continued

SUDAN Govt. The Education Dept. reqs. an Art Editor for service in the Sudan. Applics. from either men or women candidates considered. The Art Editor would be member of Publications and Translation Bureau of Institute of Education and would be responsible with the Editors for planning and make up of a children's magazine and other popular literature for the reading public. Candidates should not be less than 23 and not more than 38 yrs. old and should have exp. in book illustration or in the technical and admin. side of publishing or printing business. Appointment on short term contract of two years in the first inst. Starting rate of pay will be £E.600 p.a. but a higher starting rate may be given in view of age, qualifics. and exp. Outfit allowance of £E.60 is payable on appointment provided salary does not exceed £E.800 p.a. Cost of living allowance at rate of 35% of pay, subject to max. of £E.15 per mensem, now payable on all salaries up to £E.1,200 p.a. (£E.1 = £1 0s. 6d.). At present there is no income tax in the Sudan. After first tour, annual leave is granted with assisted passage allowances for officials and families. Free passage on appointment. Strict medical exam. Papers containing full information and applic. forms obtainable from Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1, marking env. "Art Editor."

UNIV. of Wales. University College of N. Wales, Bangor. The Council will shortly appoint a Professor of Education with effect from Oct. 1, 1947. Salary £1,450 p.a. plus superann. Applics. to Glyn Roberts, Secy. and Registrar, from whom further partics. may be obtained, not later than May 17.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men and women for posts of Education Officers in Scotland. Duties will involve travelling in Scotland to visit schools and holding meetings and discussions with teachers and with educational bodies. General educ. exp. of as varied a nature as possible is desirable. This should include exp. of teaching in school, and of further education and a good knowledge of the educational system. Pending settlement of the Corporation's post-war establishment now proceeding, the post will be non-estab. Max. starting sal. (consolidated) £690 p.a., rising to £890 p.a., annual increment £40. There are possibilities of promotion later to a higher salary grade. Applics. must be made on prescribed form which can, together with further details of post and information on Superann. position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1. For reply enclose stamped add. env. Closing date for receipt of applic. forms is three weeks from date of this insertion. Env. should be marked "Education, Scotland."

CITY of Bath. Educ. Ctee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Bath Academy of Art includes among other activities a Training College for men and women teachers of Art in schools of general education. Applics. invited for foll. posts which are to be filled in September, 1947: 1. Lecturer in Crafts and Craft Teaching Methods. 2. Lecturer in Photography and Visual Aids. 3. Lecturer in English Language and Literature. (Salaries for posts 1—3 at Pelham Scale.) 4. Teacher of Book Design (including lithography). 5. Teacher of Textile Design. 6. Teacher of Drawing and Painting. 7. Teacher of Exhibition Design and Lettering. (Salaries for posts 4—7 at Burnham Scale.) Bath Art Secondary School (associated with Bath Academy of Art). Applics. invited for post of Art Teacher. This post is to be filled as soon as possible. Sal., Burnham Scale. Further partics. and applic. forms may be obtained from Principal at above address.

SUFFOLK Rural Community Council invites applics. from suitably qualified persons for following posts: Music Organiser under direction of East Suffolk County Music Committee; Drama Organiser under direction of East Suffolk County Drama Committee. Sal. in first instance £400-£450, according to qualifics., plus travelling expenses. Partics. and form of applic. within one week of this announcement, to W. D. Redmore, Sec., Suffolk Rural Community Council, County Hall, Ipswich.

CO-OPERATIVE College. Applics. invited for post of tutor with particular responsibility in subjects of Colonial Economic Development and in courses for Colonial students nominated by the Colonial Office on the principles and methods of co-operative development in the Colonies. Practical exp. of co-operative activities and requirements in the Colonies, and particularly of Co-operative Agriculture, Marketing and Credit Schemes is desirable. The tutor is reqd. to assume duties not later than Sept., 1947. Salary will be within range of £300/£555 (men), and £270/£444 (women), with annual increments of £15 (men), £12 (women), up to the max.; position on scale to be determined in accordance with qualifics. and exp. Form of applic. and full partics. from Education Officer, Co-operative College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics.

BRISTOL Mental Hospital. Quald. psychiatric social worker reqd. Salary in accordance with revised scale recommended by Joint Negotiating Ctee. Post is wholetime and subject to provisions of Asylum Officers' Superann. Act, 1909. There is already one psychiatric social worker. Both in-patient and out-patient work. Clerical assistance provided. Applics., stating age, exp., and qualifics., to Dr. R. E. Hemphill, Medical Supt., Fishponds, Bristol.

SOCIALIST wanted for post in London requiring knowledge of international affairs, journalistic ability, French, and one other language. Sal. £450 to £550 p.a. accord. to qualifics. Applics. by May 5 to Secy., International Dept., Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq. S.W.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

HILLCROFT College, which provides a one-year residential course of liberal education for working women, requires a Senior Resident Tutor in September with B.Sc. (Econ.), or other good honours degree in either Psychology or Economics: Burnham Scale with allowance for post of special responsibility. Applics. not later than May 10 to Secretary, Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

WILTSHIRE C.C. Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited for following Youth Service appointments. Chippenham: Leader-Organiser. Officer appointed will work under a local committee and will be responsible for general development of Youth Service activities in the town incl. supervision of a small Youth Centre. Amesbury (7 miles from Salisbury): Club Leader. Officer appointed will be responsible for developing a Mixed Youth Club previously run by voluntary help and will also be reqd. to act in an advisory capacity to small clubs in the vicinity. Salisbury: Club Leader. Officer appointed will be responsible for developing Salisbury City Youth Club and may also be reqd. to assist in an advisory capacity to small clubs in the City. Training and exp. is essential for all posts. Salary scale £255×£15—£300 plus cost of living bonus, which is at present 23s. p.w. for men and 18s. 6d. for women. Further partics. and applic. forms from Director of Education, County Hall, Trowbridge.

SUB-Warden, Stanley House, Liverpool, Community Centre for coloured people. General administration especially 14-20 group. Man or woman. £300. Apply with full partics. to Canon R. A. Reeves, Stanley House, 130 Upper Parliament St. Liverpool, 8.

YOUTH Organiser reqd. by the Educ. Ctee., Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., to develop activities amongst children and adolescents within the Society's area. Previous exp. in similar work essential. Sal. £325 p.a., plus war bonus £71 10s. for woman, or £74 2s. for man. Applic. forms, to be returned by May 1, from Educ. Secretary, R.A.C.S., Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

CLUB Leaders (men) to help with boys in mixed Y.W.C.A. Centres in London. Interest in indoor and outdoor games essential. Sal. according to arrangement. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A., Natl. Offices, Gt. Russell St. W.C.1.

BURGESS Hill School (Co-educational) requires English teacher May for ages 11-17. Scope for creative work. Ability to assist with French an advantage. Principal, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. HAM 2019.

TILEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Enthusiasts for free educ. reqd. to take foll.: Art: 6-7 age group; Woodwork and maintenance; Poultry and Estate work, or any combination. Apply Dorothy Mumford. Phone 189.

REQD. for September: Senr. Mistress for Day Continuation School. Applicants offering Art and Crafts as principal subjects pref. Post offers consid. scope to those really interested in development of Day Continuation School work for factory girls aged 15-17. Full partics. on request: W. B. Henderson, M.A., Headmaster, Strode School, Street, Som.

CHAIGELEY School, Thelwall, Nr. Warrington. Responsible Matron reqd. immediately at this co-ed. Special School for Maladjusted Children. Interest in social work among intel. and difficult children essential. Apply: J. Edward Seel, Headmaster.

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APPLICS. invited from efficient shorthand-typists acquainted with office procedure and able to undertake routine necessary responsibilities as Secretary at Child Guidance Clinic at Horsham. Sal. in accordance with the National Joint Scale (General Division) according to age, e.g., age 28—£220 a year plus bonus £48. Superannuable. Applics. should be submitted tog. with three refs. to T. C. Hayward, County Hall, Chichester, within 14 days.

TYPIST (woman) reqd. by prof. Socy. in Bloomsbury, for copying, stencils, and some card index records. Prev. exp. desirable, no shthnd. required. Telephone: Holborn 8967 for appointment.

WANTED: Married woman, expd. organiser. University degree pref., also knowledge local government. Salary £300-£350 p.a., travelling exps. Apply in writing: Family Planning Assoc., 69 Eccleston Sq. S.W.1.

INSTITUTE for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency. Junior Shorthand-typist, reqd. immediately. Full partics. to General Secretary, 8 Bourdon St. W.1.

COPYWRITER reqd. in Advertising Department of Photographic Manufrs., age up to 27. Sal. by arrangement. Full details to Box O. 1746, Bensons, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2.

EDITOR with local knowledge required for London Guide. Box 6626.

SECRETARIES, Bookkprs., S./Typs., Tels., Clerks, etc., promptly placed. No charge to staff. Expert Temp. Sh./Typs., and Telephonists available. Fine's Agency, 95a Praed St. W. Padd. 1123 (eight lines).

Appointments Vacant—continued

INSTRUCTOR reqd. by School of Journalism. A congenial opening for a man or woman who combines practical exp. of article and/or short story writing with a flair for teaching. Applicants are invited to write fully (in confidence), giving details of exp., and stating age and salary reqd. Box 6404.

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TRUSTEES of Eileen Power Memorial Fund invite applics. for the Eileen Power Studentship in Social and Economic History for 1947-48. Candidates for the Studentship, which is value £250 and tenable with other emoluments, must be grads. of a University and must submit with their application particulars of their qualifics. and of the subject and plan of their studies. The Student will be reqd. to spend a period during his (or her) tenure in some foreign country for the purpose of studying some subject in social or economic History. A Student not domiciled in the United Kingdom may satisfy this condition by study for a period in the United Kingdom. Applics., accompanied by not more than three testimonials and names of two or three refs., should be received by May 1, 1947, by Chairman of the Trustees, London School of Economics, Houghton St. Aldwych, W.C.2.

Accommodation—Vacant and Wanted

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3 gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

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